FAIRY STORIES MY CHILDREN LOVE BEST OF ALL

Class PZ8

Book S343

Copyright No. F

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Mirror, Mirror,
in my hand,
Who's the fairest
in the land?

FAIRY STORIES
MY CHILDREN LOVE BEST OF ALL

BY EDGAR DUBS SHIMER

ILLUSTRATED FROM
ORIGINAL DRAWINGS
BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS

NEW YORK
LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE
1920

PZ
8
S343
T

Copyright, 1920
by
LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE

JAN 10 1920

#1.25

©Cl.A559386

EHB 17 Jan 1920

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE BEARS MAKE A VISIT	5
THE FOX AND THE CRAB	14
THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER	17
GENTLE OLGA AND SPITEFUL VERA	27
THE CRANE, THE FISH, AND THE LOBSTER	36
MARY'S BABY BROTHER	41
THE HUNGRY CHICKS	48
WANG AND HIS STAR	49
THE ORIGIN OF THE ROBIN	55
THE SISTER WITHOUT A NAME	61
THE SCARLET BLANKET	67
PEACH-PRINCE AND THE DEMONS	73
THE FAIRY HUNTSMEN	81
A FAIRY SONG	87
DRAKESBILL AND HIS FRIENDS	89
A KING FINDS A BEAUTIFUL HAIR	102
CINDER-LAD AND HIS SIX BROTHERS	110
THE EMPEROR'S INVISIBLE ROBE	117
TEN AT ONE STROKE	127
THE SMART YOUNG TIGER	136
CARLOS AND THE MAGIC HORSE	147
THE TINDER BOX	161

PAGE

How Cassim Became King 175
The Flying Trunk 191
The Snow Man 203
Five Wonderful Eggs 213
The Bluebird 229
The Throstle 230
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs . . . 231
Clever Chang 245
Horses With Wings 260
A Miracle 268
How Ariadne Helped Theseus 270

THE BEARS MAKE A VISIT.

"I don't think it was quite fair for Silverhair to eat up the little bear's supper and break down his chair. Do you?" exclaimed Teddy Ranger.

"Well, I do think it was pretty hard on the little bear, Teddy," said the teacher, "and I should n't wonder a bit if he got even with her afterward. In fact, I believe there is another part to this story, only it is n't in the book."

"Do you know it? Do you know it?" exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"I believe I do know a little of it," she said.

By this time, every child in the room was on the alert, and several had crowded round her.

"You see, the little bear felt very unhappy that night. He had no supper, for, as you know, Silverhair had eaten his all up. Of course the great bear and the middle-sized bear offered him some of their porridge, but he did n't like it any better than Silverhair did, so he had to make out as best he could with a crust of bread. Then, too, he had nothing to sit down on, for Silverhair had broken the bottom out of his chair. So he had to stand on his hind legs all the time he was eating, and that, of course, was n't very pleasant.

All at once, he broke out with a queer little growl, 'I say, let us watch our chance to get into Silverhair's house when she is away, and let us eat her supper and break down her chair, and see how she will like it.'

The great bear patted him on the head with his huge brown paw, and said, 'This is a bright little cub of ours.' And the middle-sized bear added, 'He will be a great bear some day.'

Then they put their heads together and decided that the very next morning they would hunt for Silverhair's house, and get in, if they

could, and pay her back for all the mischief she had done.

The little bear dreamed about it all night, sleeping in the bed where Silverhair had taken her nap, and as soon as they had eaten their breakfast the next morning, off they went.

It was afternoon before they found the house, a little brown cottage on the edge of the woods; but they knew it was the right one, for there was Silverhair herself, climbing a tree to peep into a woodpecker's nest. The door was open, and they could have rushed in as well as not, but they saw Silverhair's mother sitting by the window, and they were afraid they might disturb her; so they crept back into the bushes and waited, in hopes that she would go away.

And, sure enough, just as the sun was going down, and the bears were getting hungry, Silverhair's mother came out of the house with her bonnet on.

'Come, Silverhair,' she said. 'It is almost time for supper. Let us go and call your father home.'

Then she shut the door behind her and the

two walked off together; but they never thought to put the windows down, and one of them was left wide open.

'Now is our chance!' cried the three bears, and they scrambled out of the bushes and ran to the house as fast as ever they could.

'I am half starved,' cried the great bear, as he climbed in at the window. 'I hope they have something nice for supper. A good fat sheep or a fine large deer would suit me.'

'Or a couple of tender young calves,' said the middle-sized bear. 'We won't leave a bone for Silverhair.'

'Here is the supper all ready now,' cried the little bear, and he pushed a door open into a room where there was a table set for three. It was not at all the kind of a supper they wanted, and the faces of the old bears fell; but there was a dish of custard on the table that looked a little like porridge, and they thought they could eat that at least. The great bear and the middle-sized bear stuck their noses in together, but they pulled them out again the next minute.

'It is too sweet,' said the great bear, with a discontented grunt.

'It is too sour,' said the middle-sized bear, with another grunt.

'It is just right!' cried the little bear, and he ate it all up in a minute.

Then they noticed a plate of buns, and decided to try how these would taste; but the great bear threw his on the floor after taking a single bite.

'They are worse seasoned than the porridge,' he growled; and the middle-sized bear added, 'They are not well baked either. The crust does n't go halfway through.'

'They are just right!' said the little bear again, and he ate every one without stopping.

'Let us get out of this place,' growled the two old bears; 'there is nothing here that we want.'

'We must find Silverhair's chair first,' said the little bear; and he led the way into another room, which was the strangest place they had ever seen. The floor felt like moss under their feet, and there were chairs of all sorts—straight

chairs and rocking-chairs, stuffed chairs and willow chairs.

The great bear sat down in the biggest chair of all, but he jumped up again with a very wry face. 'That is a dreadful chair,' he growled. 'It makes me sick to go swinging back and forth like that.'

The middle-sized bear sat down in a stuffed sleepy-hollow, but she too jumped up again in a hurry. 'Dear me!' she howled, 'I thought I was going clear through.'

The little bear climbed into a beautiful red high-chair, and it suited him exactly. 'It is the best chair of all,' he said, leaning back. 'I guess I will take it to pay for the one Silverhair broke.'

At that very instant, what should they hear but a sound of steps coming into the house, and in another moment there was a clamor of voices from the room where the table was set. 'Somebody has been here and eaten up our supper!' they all cried together.

Then a great voice roared, 'Thieves! Thieves!' and a middle-sized voice screamed, 'Tramps! Tramps!' and a wee, small voice cried, 'The bears! The bears!' The last was the voice of Silverhair herself, and there she stood in the doorway, looking right straight at them.

The bears did not wait to hear any more, but jumped out of the window and made off as fast as they could. The little bear was last, climbing out with Silverhair's chair in his arms, but when he heard the great voice say something about a gun, he dropped the chair and got down on all fours. As it dropped, he was sure he heard something break, but he had no time to stop and

look. He ran for dear life, and none of the three stopped till they were all safe in their den."

The children drew a long breath. Teddy Ranger found his voice first. "Well," he said, "I guess the bears did n't go back to that house again very soon!"

"And I guess Silverhair did n't want to go to their house either!" said a sweet little girl who was leaning on the teacher's lap.

"No," laughed the story-teller. "I guess they all thought it would be better to stay in their own places, and not meddle with other people's things."

THE FOX AND THE CRAB

A young crab once crept out of his pond to make a little trip and see what was doing in the world. A fox passing at the moment noticed the crab creeping slowly along. He wished him good morning, and then in a mocking tone said, "Where are you going so slowly? It seems to me that you go backward instead of forward."

Now, this was a clever young crab who had heard how sly foxes are. He thought there could be no harm in playing this fox a trick. So he answered politely, "I am only a crab, it is true, and I cannot walk so well as you, Mr. Fox, but I can run much faster."

"Indeed!" sneered Mr. Fox. "You can! Can you?"

"Well," said the crab, "as you appear to be in doubt, suppose we run a race."

"Nothing would please me better," answered Mr. Fox.

"Let us try half a mile," said the crab, "or, say, a mile; that will not be too much for either of us."

"A mile!" cried the fox, as if he thought, "What is a mile to me? I can run that while the crab is getting ready to set off."

"I will offer you one advantage," added the crab, "which you must accept if I am to race with you."

"Well, let me hear what it is," said the fox, who was beginning to get impatient.

"Place yourself so that your hind feet touch my nose, and when I cry, 'Away!' you must set off."

This plan seemed to please Mr. Fox, and he answered, "I will do exactly as you wish."

He turned himself round and placed his bushy tail within reach of the crab. Then the crab

seized the long hair tightly with his claws, and shouted at the same moment, "Away!"

Off started Mr. Fox as if the dogs were after him. His feet scarcely touched the ground. As soon as he reached the mile stone, he turned round and cried, "Where are you, Mr. Crab?"

Now, as the fox turned round, his tail touched the mile stone, and the crab, quickly letting go his hold, answered, "Here I am, waiting for you. I was just wondering when you were coming; you certainly took time enough to run a mile."

Now, Mr. Fox had no idea that he had brought the crab all the way clinging to his brush. He looked much astonished at seeing him there, not the least heated nor tired.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed. "I did n't know you could run so fast."

Then he slunk home to his den, and never laughed at a crab again.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Once upon a time, a miller had a daughter who was the only one of his family left to him after his wife and son had died. He did not care much for anything except his mill. His daughter was left all to herself, and often she was very unhappy.

She used to sit by the mill-stream and watch the flowing water. Here she would dream with her eyes open till it was time to call her grey-hound and go home.

One day, as she was looking into the water, she thought she saw dear little babies walking

about and quietly playing in the water. When it began to grow dark, the babies all stopped playing, said their prayers, and went to bed.

One day, she called her greyhound and told him to look into the water. She wondered if he would see anything strange. The dog jumped about and barked as if frightened at what he saw.

That evening, the miller's daughter sat in front of the wood fire, with her arm around the greyhound's neck, dreaming and looking at the dancing flames till her eyes grew tired. Somehow, she seemed to hear the fire sing and talk.

"Dear old fire," asked she, "have you ever heard of the babies in the mill-stream?"

"Yes!" answered the fire. "Walk straight in, take the first turn on the right, the second on the left, and there you are. Good night." And then the fire went out.

The next day, the miller's daughter went down to the mill-stream to find out. When she came to the stream, she did exactly what the fire had told her to do—she walked straight in.

Then she looked for the first turn on the right, and saw a passage that ran under the

water, but it was closed with a gate. As soon, however, as she stood in front of the gate, it opened of itself. She entered, and saw a long passage, all covered at the top, and on the bottom, and on the sides, with beautiful green moss. She went on for a long distance, all the while looking for the second turn on the left.

At last, she came to another gate. She peeped through this gate, and saw beautiful green fields, with roads and cross-roads lined with trees.

But she went on, because the fire had said the second on the left. Soon she came to another gate. As she peeped through, she saw nothing but bare ground. Everything looked so ugly that she was going to turn away, but she remembered what the fire had said. So she opened the gate, and—there she was.

What a surprise! She saw dear little babies everywhere. The place did not look bare and ugly at all. It was as beautiful as a dream.

Soon she saw a lovely lady dressed in white, taking care of all the babies.

"Who are you?" asked the miller's daughter.

"I am the Lady Bertha," said the lady in white; "and these are my children, my elves."

"I saw them playing in the mill-stream," said the miller's daughter. "The fire told me how to get here."

"Yes! They were playing because it was a holiday," said Lady Bertha. "To-morrow they will have to work."

"Work! Work!" cried out the miller's daughter. "Surely these babies cannot work!"

"Yes, indeed, they can," said Lady Bertha. "They carry water for me in their little pitchers, and so they help me to till the ground."

All of a sudden, there was music in the air, and the babies stopped playing.

Lady Bertha ran about and chased the happy little creatures to bed, crying out, "Bedtime! Bedtime!" It looked so funny to the miller's daughter that she had to laugh till tears came to her eyes.

Then Lady Bertha led her through the fields to a huge cave lighted up with wonderful fire-flies that shone like stars. The cave was so bright with shining gold, silver, and diamonds

that the miller's daughter at first could not see. Soon they came to a great iron trough, before which lay a great number of old men and old women, as if they were asleep.

"What are these old folks doing here?" asked the miller's daughter.

"They are waiting for me to grind them young again," answered the Lady Bertha.

Then they came to a great oak trough, before which lay a great many youths and maidens, as

if they were asleep. Just as the miller's daughter was going to ask why they were here, she saw another great oak trough full of little babies fast asleep under a great glass case.

"Here they are," she said, clapping her hands with joy. "How sweet and pretty they look!"

"Yes," said Lady Bertha, "they are sweet, and they are pretty, too."

"How did they all come here?" asked the miller's daughter.

"They are the children," said Lady Bertha, "who died right after they were born."

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the miller's daughter. "Then my little brother, who died the day after he was born, must be here."

"Yes, he is here. You will see him to-morrow," said Lady Bertha.

The next morning, the miller's daughter was awakened by the sound of little feet. She opened her eyes, and found herself beside a half-plowed field. The Lady Bertha was plowing, and hundreds of little babies came up to her to help her soften the earth with the water in their little pitchers.

They all wore little white shirts which did not quite reach down to their knees. The miller's daughter sat and watched the jolly elves for a long time. Suddenly, one of them, with a longer shirt than the others, tripped over it and fell.

"Wait, little draggle-tail," cried the miller's daughter. "I will come and help you."

Not long after, she saw a tiny little mite staggering along with a big pitcher on his shoulder, and wearing a shirt all dripping with water. There was a fence in the way, and this little mite found it difficult to get over. The miller's daughter took pity and ran to help. She caught the little creature in her warm arms and kissed him, and, behold, when she had kissed him, she saw that it was her own little brother who had died the day after he was born.

"Poor little fellow!" said she. "How is it that your pitcher is so full and your shirt so wet?"

"Because you and Father are always weeping for me upon the earth above. Every tear you shed falls into my pitcher, and makes it heavier for me to carry. If you want me to be happy,

don't cry for me, but laugh and be jolly. Now good-by, and give me a kiss."

The miller's daughter, as soon as she got up on earth again, told her father all she had seen below. Then her father laughed, and she laughed, and the mill-wheel ran laughing round, and in all the wide, wide world there was not a happier family than that of the miller and his daughter.

GENTLE OLGA AND SPITEFUL VERA.

Once there lived in Russia, near a great forest of pine-trees, a pretty little girl named Olga. Her father was very fond of her, but she had a step-mother who did not like her at all. Worse still, she had a stepsister who was always beating her.

Now Olga was as sweet and gentle as her stepsister, Vera, was ugly and spiteful. Every day she grew more lovely, and this made Vera and her mother more unkind to her than ever.

At last, they made up their minds to turn her out of the house. The wicked stepmother said to her husband, "I will not let Olga stay with

us any longer. You must take her away into the forest, and leave her there."

The poor man begged and prayed that he might keep his little daughter. But when he found that there was no help for it, he hitched his horses to the sledge, and took her into the dark, thick forest.

He did not mean to leave her to die in the snow, so he drove on and on, looking for some place where she might be quite safe. In time they came to a little hut which was sometimes used by the wood-cutters.

"This is just the thing," he said. They both got out of the sledge and went into the hut. First he made a great fire of logs in the stove. Then he brought in from the sledge a large pot of soup and a spinning-wheel.

"Now, mind you do not let the fire go out," he said. "When you feel hungry, you can warm some soup. Whatever you do, you must not leave the hut, or the frost will nip you. To-morrow I will come and see how you are getting on." Then he kissed his daughter, and drove away.

When Olga was left alone, she sat down to spin. Soon it began to grow dark, so she put some soup on the fire to warm. "This will do for my supper," she said, "and then I will go to sleep."

Just when the soup was ready, Olga heard a knock at the door. "Who can be out in the forest at this time of night?" she thought, as she lifted the latch.

Outside stood a very strange old man. He was white with snow; and ice hung down from his hair, his chin, and the tips of his fingers. Olga felt very much afraid of him, but she asked him who he was.

"I am Jack Frost, my dear," he replied. "Will you let me come in?"

"By all means," said the girl. "Come in and sit down. My name is Olga."

Jack Frost walked into the hut, and the air turned icy as he entered. Poor Olga's fingers and toes became quite numb, and her teeth began to chatter. But she did not let Jack Frost see how cold she was.

"Will you have some of my soup?" she asked.

"Thank you, dear Olga," he replied, "I should like a little." So they sat down and had a meal, and Jack Frost told her tales of his home in the frozen North, where the ice never melts, and the sun is never warm.

At last, he said that he must go, and it was quite time too, for the poor girl was almost frozen to death.

As he went out of the door, he said, "You are a good child, Olga. You have listened to my tales, though most little girls run away from me. When you wake up in the morning, look out of the door, and you will find a lovely present."

Off he went into the woods, and Olga could hear him snapping his fingers amongst the pine-trees. Then she lay down by the stove to warm herself, and soon fell fast asleep.

In the morning, she ran to the door as soon as she awoke, to see what Jack Frost had sent her.

All round the hut stood twenty white horses, with long tails and flowing manes. Each had two bags tied upon its back, and every bag was full of gold.

Before long, Olga's father drove up in his sledge. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the horses and the bags of gold. Then the little girl quickly ran out of the hut, and told him the whole story.

They soon set off for home again. How angry Olga's stepmother was, when she saw the girl and her father driving up to the house with all the horses! She grew red with rage.

When she heard what had happened, she said, "You must take Vera to-morrow. She is much more clever than Olga, and Jack Frost is sure to give her twice as much."

Next day, the husband took spiteful Vera into

the forest, and left her in the little hut, with a pot of soup and a spinning-wheel.

The girl put some soup on the fire to warm. When it was ready, she heard a knock at the door. So she lifted the latch, and there she saw Jack Frost.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! You can if you like," she said, in a rough voice; "but mind you give me a better present than you gave to my stupid sister, Olga."

When Jack Frost walked in, the air became so very cold that Vera ran off to the stove, where she sat down and began to eat her soup.

"Will you give me some of your soup, Vera?" asked Jack Frost.

"Is it likely I should give you any soup?" said Vera. "Why, I want it all for myself. It is bad enough to have you making me so cold, without taking my soup as well."

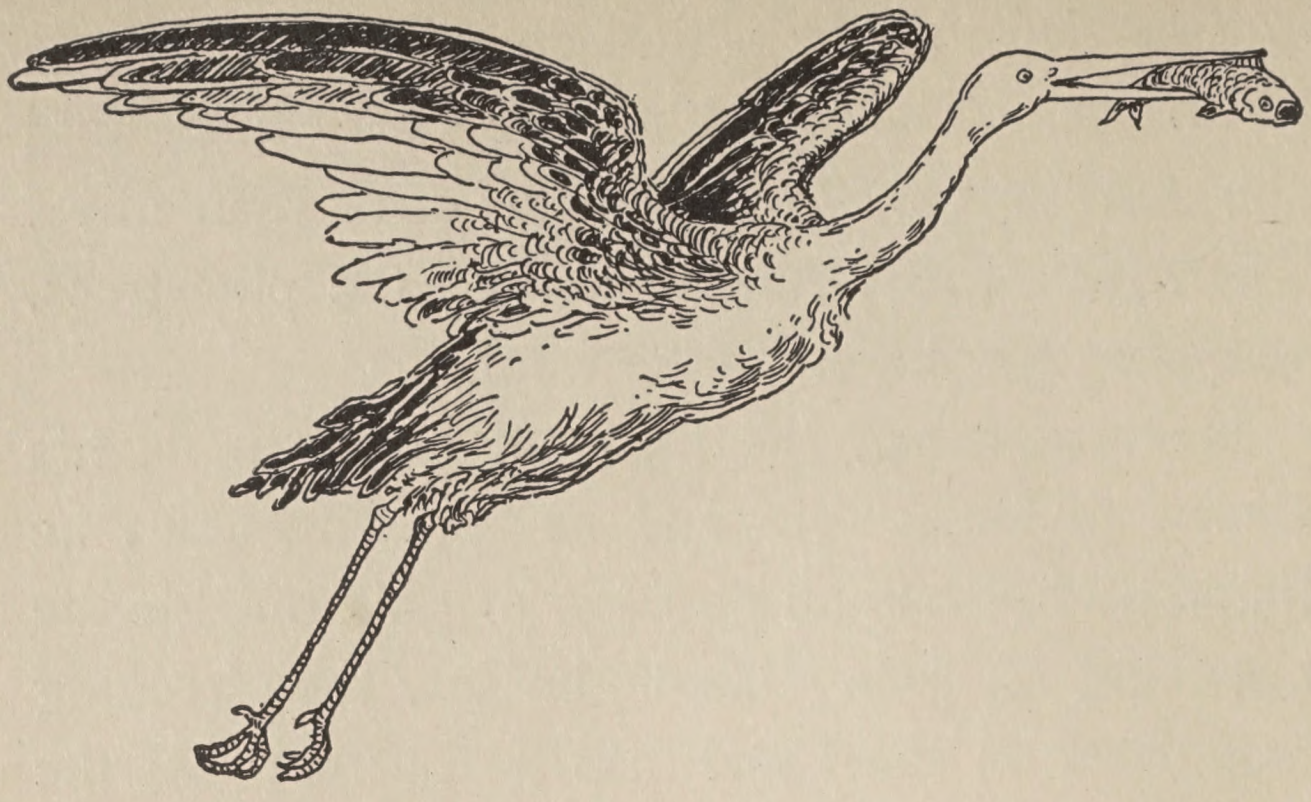
This made Jack Frost very angry. He dared not go near the stove, where Vera was sitting, for fear he should melt. So he picked up some pieces of firewood that were lying about, and began to throw them at her.

She tried to hide behind the stove, but it was of no use. The wood hit her every time, until she fell to the ground more dead than alive. Then Jack Frost ran off among the pine-trees, snapping his fingers as he went.

Next morning, the husband drove up in his sledge to fetch Vera and her present. But he found no horses and no bags of gold outside the hut; and on going inside, he saw the girl lying half dead on the floor. So he put her into the sledge, and drove home as fast as his horses could gallop.

When the stepmother heard what had happened, she flew into such a rage that she fell down dead.

Olga was now very rich. It was not long before a handsome young prince fell in love with her. She married him, and went to live in his palace. But she did not forget her father, and Vera. She took them with her, and they all lived happily ever after.



THE CRANE, THE FISH, AND THE LOBSTER.

Many generations ago, a crane lived near a pond, and when the dry season set in, he said to a fish, with a bland voice, "Are you not anxious for your future welfare? There is at present very little water and still less food in this pond. What will you do if the whole pond becomes dry?"

"Surely," said the fish, "what will we do?"

The crane then said, "I know a fine large lake which never becomes dry. Would you not like to be carried there in my bill?"

But the fish did not trust the honesty of the crane, so the crane proposed to have one of the fish sent over to the lake to see it. At last, one of them, a big carp, decided to take the risk for the sake of the others. The crane carried him to a beautiful lake and brought him back in safety.

Then all doubt vanished. The fish gained confidence, and let the crane take them one by one out of their pond. But the crane did not carry them to the large lake as he had promised. He flew to a big tree not very far away, and there he devoured them one at a time, until they were all gone.

Now there was also a fat lobster in this pond, and as the crane wanted to eat him too, he said to him, "I have taken all the fish away and put them into a fine large lake. Come along. I will take you, too!"

"But how will you take hold of me to carry me?" asked the lobster.

"I will take hold of you with my bill," said the crane.

"You will let me fall if you carry me like that. I will not go with you!" replied the lobster.

"You need not fear," replied the crane; "I will hold you quite tight all the way."

Then the lobster said, "Look here, Friend Crane, you will not be able to hold me tight enough; but we lobsters have a famous grip. If you let me catch hold of you round the neck with my claws, I shall be glad to go with you."

The crane agreed. He did not see that the cunning lobster was trying to outwit him. So the lobster caught hold of the crane's neck with his claws as securely as with a pair of blacksmith's pincers. Then he called out, "Away with you!"

The crane took him up, and soon showed him the lake, but then he turned off toward the big tree where he had devoured the fish. "My dear uncle!" cried the lobster, "the lake lies that way, but you are taking me this way."

The crane answered, "Indeed! I am your dear uncle! Am I? Do you fancy that I am your slave, and that I have to lift you up and carry you about wherever you please? Now cast your eye upon that heap of fish bones at the

root of yonder tree. Just as I have eaten every one of the fish, so I will devour you as well!"

"No, you will not," answered the lobster. "I am not so stupid as the fish that you devoured. I am not going to let you kill me. On the contrary, I am going to destroy you. If we die, we both die together; for I will cut off your head and cast it to the ground!" So saying, he gave the crane's neck a grip with his claws as with a vise.

Then the crane gasped, and with tears trickling from his eyes, and trembling with the fear of death, he cried out, "Oh, my lord! Indeed, I did not intend to eat you. Grant me my life."

"Very well!" replied the lobster. "Fly down and put me into the lake."

Thereupon, the crane turned round and flew down to the lake to place the lobster on the mud at its edge. But just as the crane reached the edge of the lake, the lobster cut his neck through as clean as one would cut a lotus-stalk with a hunting-knife. Then the lobster crawled into the water and was happy.

MARY'S BABY BROTHER.

Once upon a time, a peasant lived on the plains of Hungary with his wife and two children, a little girl and a baby boy.

One day, he and his wife were getting ready to go to the market to sell some cows. The mother said to her little girl, "Mary, we are going to the market. I hope you will be a very good girl while we are away.

You must look after your little brother, and see that he eats a good dinner. Then you can take him into the garden to have a game; but be sure you do not go out into the road." Then the peasants kissed their children, and went off with the cows.

After dinner, Mary played for some time in the garden with her little brother. Soon she saw some of the village children racing in the road, so she got up and watched them.

Then she thought, "Surely no harm would be done if I went and joined in the game just for a few minutes." Off she ran into the road, though she knew well that it was very naughty of her.

While she was playing with her friends, she

saw some cranes fly into the garden. Now it is said that these big birds sometimes steal babies, so when Mary saw them enter the garden, she ran back to look after her brother. But he was nowhere to be found.

Mary sat down and cried, and cried, and cried. She knew now that the wicked cranes had flown away with the baby.

"Oh, what will my father and mother say?" she cried. "Why was I so careless as to leave poor little Baby all alone?"

She got up at last, and ran across the fields as fast as her legs could carry her. She hoped that she would be able to find the cranes, and take her little brother away from them.

Soon she came to a meadow, and there she saw an oven with six cakes baking in it. The oven called out, "Take out my cakes! Take out my cakes, or else they will burn!"

Mary ran to the oven, and took the cakes out one by one. Then she said to the oven, "Please, can you tell me where the cranes have flown with my baby brother?"

"Yes," said the oven. "Cross over the field

and you will find a path. Keep straight along the path." Mary did as she was told, and before long she came to an apple-tree full of apples.

The apple-tree called to her, "Shake me! Shake me! My apples are far too ripe." So she shook the tree until the apples fell like rain. She kept on shaking until there were none left on the tree.

Then she gathered the apples into a heap, and said to the tree, "Please, apple-tree, can you tell me where the cranes have flown with my little brother?"

"Yes," said the tree. "Walk along by that

stream over there, until you meet an old horse. He is so wise that he knows everything. He is sure to be able to tell you."

So Mary ran along by the side of the stream, until she came to the wise old horse. "Dear old horse," she said, "will you please tell me where the cranes have flown with our baby?"

"Yes, I will tell you," said the kind horse. "You must go through the hole in that rock over there. When you reach the other side, you will see a hut. There you will find your baby brother."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" cried Mary. She ran through the hole in the rock, and when she reached the other side, she saw the queerest hut in the world. It was made of ginger-bread, and it had a roof of sugar-candy.

In the hut she saw an old witch; and at the window sat her little brother, playing with a golden ball. She ran to him, and caught him in her arms. Then she rushed back through the hole in the rock as fast as she could go.

When the old witch saw what had happened, she called the cranes and sent them after poor

Mary. "If you do not bring me back the baby for my supper," she said to them, "I will tear you all to pieces!"

Mary soon saw the cranes flying after her, so she ran on faster than ever, though she was growing very tired.

In time, she came again to the apple-tree. "Hide me, apple-tree! Hide me," she cried, "for the cranes are chasing me!"

"You helped me," said the apple-tree. "Now I will help you." Then it covered her over with its leaves, and the cranes flew past without seeing her.

After a while, the little girl crept from under the leaves. She held the baby tightly in her arms and ran on. But the cranes soon saw her again, and chased her.

It was not long before she came to the oven. "Oh, hide me! Please hide me," she said, "for the cranes are flying after me!"

"One good turn deserves another," said the oven. "Climb inside and shut the door." Mary was not slow at climbing in, you may be sure; and the cranes flew past without seeing her.

When she thought that she was quite safe, she climbed out again. But the cranes saw her very soon, and set off after her. I really do not know what would have happened, if her house had not been quite near.

Those wicked cranes beat her head with their wings. They pecked at her face, and they even tried to tear the baby out of her arms; but she kept tight hold of him, and, at last, she ran safely through the door of the house.

At once she put the baby down on the rug, and closed the door and all the windows. The cranes flew round and round, screaming with rage; but they could not get in, and they had to fly away without the baby.

When her father and mother came back from the market, Mary told them what had happened, and they were so pleased to have their little boy back safe and sound, that they quite forgot to scold the girl.

But Mary never forgot the lesson that the cranes had taught her. From that day, she always did what her parents told her, and so she lived happily ever after.

THE HUNGRY CHICKS.

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A little green leaf!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"I wish I could find
A wee gravel-stone!"

"Now, see here!" said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch!"

WANG AND HIS STAR.

Once upon a time, there lived a little Chinese boy whose name was Wang. His father used to work in a rice-field. But he had had no work for a long time, for there had been no rain for many months.

At last Wang's father became so poor that there was nothing in the house to eat. The little boy could not bear to see his parents starve, so he said, "I will go out into the world, and earn some money."

He had not gone very far, when he met a man who was so old that his back was quite bent. On his shoulder, the old man carried a

heavy sack. Wang went up to him and said, "I am young and strong. Let me carry your sack."

"Thank you very much," said the old man. "You are a good boy." He gave him the sack, and they walked along the road together. Before long, black clouds began to roll up, and soon thunder began to roar.

Now Wang was a very brave boy, but he was afraid of thunder. So he dropped the sack, and lay down by the side of the road. He hid his face in his wide sleeves, and cried bitterly.

"Why, there is nothing to be afraid of in thunder!" said the old man.

"I am not so sure of that," replied Wang. "If only I could see how thunder is made, then, perhaps, I should never be afraid of it again."

"Then you shall see how thunder is made," said the man, who was really a great wizard. "You were very good to me when you thought me a poor, weak old man. Now I will do something for you in return."

In a second, Wang felt himself spinning

through the air. All around him were fleecy clouds. When he stood on them, they gave way under his feet like soft pillows.

He parted the clouds with his hands, and there he saw the sea, shining like silver, far below. Then he saw the land, where large cities looked no bigger than beans. He could not help thinking what a fall he would have if his foot slipped.

Over his head were the stars, set in the sky like so many diamonds. Wang found that they were all tightly fixed, but he was able to pick out a little one, which he hid in his sleeve.

Soon he saw two great dragons, pulling a car with a large tub in it. As the tails of the dragons swung to and fro, they made that cracking noise which people on the earth call thunder.

The tub was full of water, and three men were very busy pouring it out over the clouds. When they saw Wang, they said, "Come and help," and they gave him a ladle to throw out the water with.

There was one thing that you may be sure

Wang did not forget. That was to throw plenty of water over his own village, and over the rice-field in which his father used to work.

"Thank you for your help," said the three men. "Now we will show you how to get back to earth again." They took the long rope

which they had used as reins for the dragons, and let it hang down from the clouds.

Wang took hold of the rope, and quickly slid to the ground. Then the rope was drawn up to the clouds, and he saw it no more. When he looked round, he found himself just outside his village.

How pleased he was to see the river-beds full of water! He knew that his father would now have plenty of work in the rice-fields. He ran home as fast as he could, and you can imagine how pleased his father and mother were to see him again.

Wang told them all that had happened to him. Then he pulled the star out of his pocket, and placed it on the table. "How it shines!" said the two old people, and, indeed, it shone so brightly that its light filled the whole house.

People soon began to talk of Wang's star, and, at last, the emperor heard of it, and wanted to buy it. So he sent Wang a large sum of money for the star. Then the boy and his parents lived happily all the rest of their days.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROBIN.

Once in the long-ago time, an Indian warrior wished Manitou, the Great Spirit, to protect his young son. In order to gain this protection, the youth had to fast for twelve long days and nights. If he could endure this long fast, he would ever after be a brave among his tribe, and be honored by them. If he failed, as some Indian boys do, his people would despise him, and refuse to allow him to go with them to war.

When the time of the boy's trial came, he did not wish to follow his father to the lodge in the deep forest in which he was to do his fasting. He did not wish to be a warrior. He longed only to make people happy. But his father commanded him to go, and he dared not refuse. During the long walk, he was sad at heart. His

father tried to cheer him. He told him how the people would honor him at the great feast, to be served after it was all over.

When they arrived at the lodge, the father spread the mat which his mother had so fondly woven. Then the youth laid himself face downward on it. A moment later, he heard his father's departing footsteps growing fainter and fainter as he went home.

All through the long day and the long night, he lay there alone. When morning came, bringing light and gladness to others, it brought no joy to the sad youth in the forest. Soon the father appeared and asked if any dreams had come to him, and the youth replied, "Oh, my father, such dreams as you wish will never come to me. Let me give up my fasting and return with you to our wigwam." But the father, full of Indian pride, refused. He tried to cheer his son by telling him of the days of his own fasting, which had ended so gloriously.

Each day the warrior came, and always tried to cheer his son and help him to be brave. As the days went by, the boy grew weaker and

weaker. On the tenth morning, he could no longer rise to greet his father. "Oh, my father, take me home," he faintly whispered. "I have had no dreams. I am so weak that death surely will take me before the great Manitou comes. Give me food that I may break this dreadful fast and live."

But the father only said, "Be brave, my son. Only two more days, and then the feast."

On the eleventh day, the youth had grown so weak that his voice could no longer be heard. Still the father said, "Be brave."

On the twelfth morning, with the first faint streaks of light, the father came, but when he entered the lodge, lo, it was empty! He called aloud, but no voice answered. Only an echo was heard. "Come, my son," he called. "The great chief awaits you. The feast is spread."

As he stopped again to listen, a strange bird on a branch near by called to him. Thinking some evil spirit had lured the boy away, and had now returned in bird form, the brave raised his bow to shoot.

"Do not shoot," sang the bird. "No evil

spirit has harmed me, but a good spirit came to me in my weakness and changed me into a beautiful bird. Do not be angry, my father, for though I shall never be a warrior, I shall always be brave, and I shall often come to cheer you and all our people. I shall find my food among the hills and valleys, and in taking it I shall help our people. Mourn not for me, my father, for my happiness shall come through *helping* others, not through *destroying* them."

The Indians say that this was the first Robin ever seen.

They say that in the early morning, before the first faint streaks of dawn appear, his voice calls them to arise and see the coming of each beautiful day, and that when they grow tired and faint with hunger, he still calls to them and bids them always, "Be brave."

Though the Robin cannot endure so much as many other birds, he is full of courage. Even when the snows of March are flying, he may often be heard calling to those around, "Be brave."

THE SISTER WITHOUT A NAME.

Once upon a time, in a little cottage near a big forest, there lived three sisters. One was named Anna, another Barbara, but the third had no name, because the father and the mother could not agree upon a name for her.

In this big forest, lived a young man called Hans the Hunter, because no one in that country could hunt and kill wild beasts so well as he. Hans the Hunter had a magic horn of which he was very proud. Whenever he blew this horn, all the wild beasts in the big forest trembled for fear. Some ran away as fast as they could and hid themselves. Others stood stock-still, trembling with fright, till Hans killed them.

One day, Hans the Hunter took it into his head that he would like to marry one of these three lovely sisters. He had often seen them, but he had never spoken to any of them. So he put on his best clothes, and set out to pay them a visit.

Now, a little wolf saw Hans go, and she ran as fast as she could to tell the Wolf Mother,

who hated Hans the Hunter, and wanted to do him harm. As soon as the Wolf Mother heard the little wolf's tale, she hurried off, and reached the cottage before Hans could get there.

The Wolf Mother did not go up to the cottage in her own shape. If she had done so, the sisters would never have let her in. She took the shape of an old beggar woman. This made the three sisters take such pity on her that they opened the door at once.

But, oh, how sorry they were! In a twinkling, the bad fairy Wolf Mother waved her wand, and turned the three sisters into three birds. Then she hobbled away from the cottage as fast as she could.

As Hans came along, he saw the old woman hobbling away. He did not know her, so he gave the matter little thought.

However, when he came to the cottage and found it empty, he quickly said, "Aha! That old woman has been up to mischief! Who is she? Have n't I seen her before? Perhaps it is the old Wolf Mother."

At that, he took up his magic horn, hanging

by his side, and blew a long, loud blast. In a flash, the old woman was changed back into her own shape. Howling with spite and rage, the Wolf Mother ran away into the forest.

"Well done, old horn!" cried Hans. Then he began to search for the sisters. He looked through the cottage once more, but could not find them. For a long time, he searched in the forest, but could see no one. Suddenly, the whole forest was filled with sweet music of birds. Hans looked around, and saw three birds sitting on the branch of a tree and singing lustily.

He was so pleased with their singing that he lifted his hat and said, "Bravo! Bravo, little birds!"

But as Hans was about to go on with his search for the three sisters, he felt his magic horn tremble under his arm and hit him in the side.

"What is the matter, old horn? What *is* the matter?" asked Hans, with some surprise.

Now the horn could not speak, so it only trembled and swung about. Hans had never before seen his magic horn act like this, so he

took it up and blew a long, loud blast, longer and louder than ever before.

Imagine his surprise! The three birds stopped their singing, flew down from the tree toward Hans, and as they came, he saw them change into the three sisters.

They thanked Hans with tears of joy.

"Do not thank me," said Hans. "Thank my magic horn, my trusty old friend, who helps me against all evil."

So the three sisters gladly thanked the magic horn, and then asked Hans the Hunter to take them safely to their cottage.

"But," said Hans, "you must first tell me your names."

"My name is Anna," said the eldest, with her dark-colored skin and beautiful brown hair.

"And mine is Barbara," said the next, fair as a rose and fresh as dew.

But the third, the youngest, the one with the lovely golden hair, stood silent.

"And what is your name?" asked Hans the Hunter.

"I have no name," she modestly replied.

"Then I shall give you one," said Hans the Hunter, "for you shall be my wife."

And so he married her, and they lived happily ever after.

THE SCARLET BLANKET.

A peddler was toiling along a dusty road, carrying his pack on his back, when he saw a donkey grazing by the wayside.

"Good day, friend," said he. "If you have nothing to do, perhaps you would not mind carrying my load for me a little way."

"What will you give me?" asked the donkey.

"I will give you two pieces of gold," answered the peddler.

"Agreed," replied the donkey. So they journeyed on together in a very friendly manner. The donkey carried the peddler's pack, and the peddler walked by the donkey's side.

After a time, they met a raven who was looking for worms in the roadside.

"Good morning, black friend," called out the donkey. "If you are going our way, come and sit on my back, and drive away the flies."

"What will you give me?" asked the raven.

"I will give you three pieces of gold," answered the donkey.

"Agreed," said the raven. So they went on

in high good humor. The donkey carried the peddler's wares, and the raven sat on the donkey's back, driving away the flies.

After a time, they met a sparrow, and the raven called out, "Good day, little cousin! Do you want to earn some money? If so, bring me some worms from the bank as we go along; for I have had no breakfast, and I am very hungry."

"What will you give me?" asked the sparrow.

"I will give you four pieces of gold," answered the raven.

"Very well," said the sparrow; and so on they went, the donkey carrying the peddler's pack, and the raven keeping the flies away from the donkey, and the sparrow bringing worms to the raven.

Soon they saw in the distance a good-sized town. The peddler took some shawls and blankets out of his pack and hung them over the donkey's back, so that the passers-by might see them, and perhaps buy some of them. On top lay a small scarlet blanket.

When the sparrow saw this gay scarlet

blanket, he said to the peddler, "What will you take for that blanket? It looks like a good one. Name your price, and you shall have it; for I am badly in need of a blanket."

"The price of the blanket is five pieces of gold," said the peddler.

"That seems to me to be too dear," said the sparrow. "I don't mind giving you four."

"Agreed," said the peddler; and he chuckled to himself, "Now I shall be able to pay the donkey."

The sparrow flew to the raven's side, and whispered in his ear, "Please to pay me the four pieces of gold you owe me; for we are coming to a town, and I must be going back."

"Four pieces of gold! No! That is really too much for bringing me a few worms," said the raven, "but I will give you three, and you shall have them at once." So he bent down over the donkey's ear and whispered, "Friend, it is time you paid me the three pieces of gold you promised me; for the peddler will stop at this town."

"On thinking it over," said the donkey, "I

have made up my mind that three pieces of gold are a great deal too much to give you for driving a few flies away. You must have known that I was only joking when I said it; but I will let you have two."

Then the donkey turned to the peddler, saying, "Now, good sir, your two pieces of gold, if you please."

"In a moment," replied the peddler, and, turning to the sparrow, said, "I really must have the money for the blanket at once."

"So you shall," answered the sparrow, and cried angrily to the raven, "I want my money now, and cannot wait!"

"In an instant," answered the raven, and again whispered to the donkey, "Why can't you pay me honestly? I should be ashamed of trying to slip out of my debts in this way!"

"I won't keep you waiting a second," said the donkey. "Come, Mr. Peddler, give me my money. For shame! To cheat a poor beast like me!"

Then the peddler said to the sparrow, "Pay me for my blanket, or I 'll wring your neck!"

And the sparrow cried to the raven, "Give me my money, or I 'll peck out your eyes!"

And the raven croaked to the donkey, "If you don't pay me, I 'll bite off your ears!"

And the donkey again cried to the peddler, "You dishonest wretch! Pay me my money, or I 'll kick you across the road!"

And they made such an uproar outside the walls of the town that an officer came out to see what it was all about. Each turned to him, and began to complain loudly of the other.

"You are a set of rogues and vagabonds!" said the officer. "Come with me!" So he led them straight to the market-place, where the mayor sat, holding court.

"Now, whom have we here?" cried the mayor. "A peddler, a donkey, a raven, and a sparrow,—a set of worthless vagabonds! Let us hear what they have to say for themselves."

Then the peddler began to complain of the sparrow, and the sparrow of the raven, and the raven of the donkey, and the donkey of the peddler.

The mayor did not pay much attention to

them; but he eyed the peddler's pack, and, at last, said, "You are a set of good-for-nothing fellows! I order that the peddler be locked up in the prison; that the donkey be soundly beaten; and that the raven and the sparrow have their tail-feathers pulled out. As for the blanket, it seems to me to be the only good thing in the whole matter. I cannot let you keep the cause of such a disturbance, so I will take it for myself. Officer, lead the prisoners away."

PEACH-PRINCE AND THE DEMONS.

Long, long ago, in a village near a mountain from which flowed a stream of purest water, there lived an old man and an old woman. The old man was a woodcutter, and the old woman, his wife, kept house for him. They were very lonely, for they had no child, and they often grieved over their hard lot.

One day, while the old man was out on the mountain cutting wood, his wife took some clothes down to the brook to wash. She had hardly begun, when she saw a peach floating in the stream. She picked it up, and took it home to share it with her husband.

When he returned, she put the peach before him, not dreaming what was in it. He was just about to cut it open, when the halves of the peach fell apart, and there lay a little baby boy.

The happy old couple rejoiced over him, and reared him tenderly. Because he was born of a peach, they called him Peach-Prince.

The most wonderful thing about the child was his great strength. He would astonish his foster-mother by lifting her wash-tub above his head without spilling a drop.

The lad grew to be strong, and brave, and good. He was always kind to his foster-parents, and saved them much toil. He practised archery, wrestling, and handling the iron club, until he was not afraid of anybody or anything.

He even laughed at the demons living in the clouds or on lonely islands in the sea. He was also kind to birds and animals, so that they were very tame, and became his friends.

Now, there was an island far out in the ocean inhabited by demons with horns on their heads, and big, sharp tusks in their mouths. In the center of the island was the giant demon's castle,

built inside of a great cave, which was full of all kinds of treasures.

Peach-Prince made up his mind to conquer these demons and get their treasures. He prepared his weapons, and asked his foster-mother to make him some millet dumplings. So the old woman made the dumplings, which the little hero stowed away in a bamboo box. This he wrapped in a silk napkin, and flung it over his shoulder.

Then he seized his iron club, and he also carried his flag over his shoulder, as the sign of war. The flag was of white silk, crossed by two black bars at the top; and underneath these bars was embroidered a peach floating on a running stream.

Peach-Prince then bade the old folks good-by, and walked briskly off. He took his little dog with him, giving him a millet dumpling now and then.

As he passed along, he met a monkey, chattering and showing his teeth. The monkey said, "Where are you going, Mr. Peach-Prince?"

"I 'm going to the giant demon's island, to get his treasures," replied Peach-Prince.

"What have you in your package?"

"Millet dumplings. Have one?"

"Yes; give me one, and I will go with you," said the monkey. So the monkey ate the dumpling; and the boy, the dog, and the monkey all trudged on together.

Soon a pheasant met them, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Peach-Prince; where are you going?"

Peach-Prince told him, and at the same time offered him a dumpling. This made the pheasant his friend.

Peach-Prince and his three companions journeyed on until they reached the seashore. There they found a big boat, on which Peach-Prince, with the dog and the monkey, embarked; at the same time, the pheasant flew over to the island to find a safe place to land, so as to take the demons by surprise.

Having landed, they marched up to the door of the castle, and then Peach-Prince beat in the gate with his iron club. Rushing into the castle,

he put the small demons to flight; and, dashing forward, the little hero reached the room where the giant demon was just waking up.

With a terrible roar, the giant demon advanced to gobble up Peach-Prince, when the dog ran behind and bit the demon in the leg, the monkey climbed up his back and blinded him with his paws, and the pheasant flew in his face. Then Peach-Prince beat him with his iron club, until he begged for his life and promised to give up all his treasures.

The demons brought all their precious things out of the storehouse, and laid them on great trays before our little hero and his little army.

Peach-Prince sat on a rock, with his three companions around him. On the right sat his faithful monkey, while the pheasant and the dog sat on the left.

After all the demons had surrendered, they fell down on their hands and knees, with their faces in the dust, and acknowledged Peach-Prince as their master. Then Peach-Prince bade them rise up and carry the treasures to the largest vessel they had, and point the prow to

the mainland. This done, Peach-Prince and his company got on board, and the demons bowed farewell.

A stiff breeze sprang up, and sent the ship plowing through the waters, and bent out the great white sail like a bow. On the prow was a long black tassel like the mane of a horse, which at every lurch dipped in the waves, and as it rose flung off the spray.

The old couple, becoming anxious after their Peach-Prince, had traveled down to the sea-shore, and arrived just as the treasure-ship hove in sight. How beautiful it looked, with its branches of red coral, and shining heaps of gold and silver, glistening pearls and emeralds, and piles of agate and crystal!

Peach-Prince came home laden with riches enough to keep the old couple in comfort all their lives, and he himself lived in great state. He knighted the monkey, the dog, and the pheasant, and made them his body-guard. Then he married a beautiful princess, and lived happily till he died.

THE FAIRY HUNTSMEN.

Once upon a time, two boys, named Donald and Rory, dwelt with their father and mother in a lonely cottage in Scotland.

Late one night, they were looking for a sheep that had strayed from the rest of the flock. As they walked through the heather, they heard the tramp of horses, the cheers of huntsmen, and the music of a horn.

"Surely," said Donald, "there cannot be huntsmen on the hills at this time of night."

Just as he spoke, thirteen tiny little men came riding over the brow of the hill. Each of them was dressed in green silk, and had a belt of gold. They had white feathers in their caps, and rode upon the prettiest little horses that ever lived.

"Why, those are the fairy hunters!" cried Donald. "Come, Rory, let us run after them, and see where they go."

The two boys set off through the heather, as fast as their legs could carry them.

By and by, the little huntsmen came to a great rock which stood on the side of a hill. At least

I ought to say that it was a rock in the daytime, and Donald and Rory knew it quite well.

It had now become a fairy palace, with lights streaming from all its windows. As the tiny hunters rode up, a door flew open, and they all passed through upon their prancing horses.

Before the gate could close again, Donald ran in after them. Then it shut with a clang, and Rory was left on the other side. You see, he was not quite so old as Donald, and so he could not run so fast.

Poor Rory did not know what to do. Three times he called, "Brother! Brother! Come away home!" But there was no reply. So, at last, he had to return home all alone, and very sad at heart.

When Donald ran through the gate of the palace, he found himself in a big yard. All round the yard he could see stables, into which the fairies were leading their horses.

It was not long before they came out again, and one of them spied the boy at once. He ran over to him, and said, "What are you doing here? Do you not know that this is fairy

ground? Go back while there is still time, or I promise you that you will suffer for it."

As Donald had come so far, he did not wish to turn back. So he asked politely if he might stay and hear the fairy music, and join in the fairy dances.

"You may if you like," said the little man in green, "but you will be sorry for it evermore." The other twelve fairies then ran up crying, "Yes, you will be sorry evermore."

They took the boy by the hands, and flew with him across the yard, till they came to a door of gold. The door opened itself, and they passed into a splendid hall.

The walls were made of silver, and the floor was made of gold. There were rows and rows of lights; and each light hung from the roof by a chain of pearls. Around the hall were little glass tables heaped with fruits and sweets.

This shining room was so full of fairies that Donald could hardly believe his eyes. All he could do was to stand and stare.

Some of the fairies were eating at the tables. Others were playing the sweetest music. But

most of them were dancing merry jigs and reels in the middle of the hall.

When the fairies saw Donald staring at them, they all began to laugh, and Donald could not help laughing too. They came crowding round him, and soon whirled him off in a merry dance. All night long he danced, till he grew so tired that he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke, the sun was high in the sky. He found himself lying on the grass by a big black rock. He saw at once that this was the very rock which had been a fairy palace the night before.

"What a good sleep I have had!" he said. Then he got up and stretched himself, feeling very stiff and sore. As he moved, he found, to his surprise, that a long white beard hung from his chin to his knees.

He put his hand to his head, and found that his hair had grown right over his shoulders. He could see it easily when he turned his head, and he saw that it was now pure white.

He thought this very strange indeed, and a great fear fell upon him. He walked slowly to

his father's cottage, but no cottage could he find. Then he tramped to a village not very far away, where he had many friends.

As he walked through the streets, nothing seemed the same as it used to be. The houses were changed; new shops had been built; new roads had been made. What was worse, he did not meet a single soul that knew him.

Poor Donald told the people his story, and said in dismay, "Do *none* of you know me?" But the people only shook their heads sadly and went away. You see, they thought he must be mad.

At last, a very old man came up to him and said, "You must be that Donald of whom my grandfather used to speak. He was carried away by the fairies; but that was a hundred years ago."

Donald then knew that while he had danced with the fairies, a hundred years had flown by. His father, his brother, and all his friends were long since dead.

So he turned his face to the hills, and walked slowly and sadly away. Up and up he climbed, till he could no longer be seen; and no one has ever set eyes on him again to this day.

A FAIRY SONG.

Come follow, follow me,
All the fairies that there be.
Skip lightly on the green,
And follow Mab, your queen.
Hand in hand we dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread.
A grain of rye or wheat
Is the food that we do eat.
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The gnat, the fly, the bee,
They are our fiddlers three.
All night we dance and sing
Around our fairy ring;
And if the moon does hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends as we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

Drakesbill was very little, but, tiny as he was, he knew a thing or two. He laid up every cent that he earned; and before long, he had saved a hundred dollars in gold. The king never did anything but spend money. When he heard that Drakesbill had some gold pieces, he made haste to borrow them. It made Drakesbill feel proud to have it said that he had lent money to the king.

A year went by,—two years, three years,—and the king seemed to have forgotten him. At last Drakesbill made up his mind that he would go and see the king, and tell him that he needed the gold pieces very much.

So, early one morning, Drakesbill went down the highroad toward the king's palace, singing,

"Quack, quack! Quack, quack!
Shall I get my money back?"

He had not gone far when he met Friend Fox.

"Good morning, my good neighbor," said Friend Fox. "Where are you going so early in the day?"

"I am going to the king, to ask him to pay me what he owes me."

"Take me with you!" said the Friend Fox.

Drakesbill said, "Certainly I will take you; but you walk on four legs, and you will soon get tired. So make yourself very small, get into my mouth, creep under my tongue, and I will carry you."

Friend Fox thanked him very kindly, and did as he was told.

Then Drakesbill set off again, singing,

"Quack, quack! Quack, quack!
Shall I get my money back?"

He had not gone far when he met Friend Ladder, leaning against a wall, who greeted him with,

"Good day!
Whither away,
So bold and gay,
This fine, new day?"

"I am going to the king, to ask him to pay me what he owes me."

"Take me with you!" said Friend Ladder.

Drakesbill said, "Certainly I will take you; but you have such long wooden legs that you will soon get tired. So make yourself very small, get into my mouth, creep under my tongue, and I will carry you."

Friend Ladder thanked him, made himself very small, and did as he was told.

Then Drakesbill set off again, singing,

"Quack, quack! Quack, quack!
Shall I get my money back?"

He had not gone far when he met Laughing River, who said,

"Good morning, oh!
Whither do you go,
So happy and slow,
While the soft breezes blow?"

"I am going to the king, for he owes me money, and I want him to pay me back."

"Take me with you!" said Laughing River.

Drakesbill said, "Certainly I will take you; but you always sleep while you run, and you will soon get tired. So make yourself very small, get into my mouth, creep under my tongue, and I will carry you."

Laughing River thanked him very kindly, and then did as she was told.

Drakesbill set off again, singing,

"Quack, quack! Quack, quack!
Shall I get my money back?"

A little farther on he met Neighbor Wasp-nest, who said,

"Good morning, my son!
Whither do you run,
So full of fun,
In the bright, warm sun?"

"The king owes me money, and I am going to see him and make him pay me," answered Drakesbill.

"Take me with you!" said Neighbor Wasp-nest.

Drakesbill said, "Certainly I will take you; but you will soon get tired. So make yourself quite small, get into my mouth, creep under my tongue, and I will carry you."

Neighbor Wasp-nest thanked him very kindly, and then did as he was told.

Then Drakesbill went on, singing,

"Quack, quack! Quack, quack!
Shall I get my money back?"

When he came to the king's palace, he climbed up the step, stood on tiptoe, and knocked at the door.

"Who 's there?" asked the doorkeeper.

"'T is I, Drakesbill," answered the drake. "I want to speak with the king."

The doorkeeper replied, "That is easier said than done. The king is in the parlor, counting out his money."

"That is just what I want," said Drakesbill. "Tell him I am here. He will know what I am after."

The doorkeeper went into the parlor, but the king was not there; he was in the kitchen, just

sitting down to dinner, with a white napkin round his neck.

"Good! Good!" said the king. "I know the rascal. Fetch him in and put him with the turkeys and the chickens."

The doorkeeper went back to the door, and said, "Walk in, sir! The king is at dinner."

"Now," said Drakesbill to himself, "I can see how the folks eat at the king's table."

"This way!" said the doorkeeper. "Now step through that gate. There you are!"

Poor Drakesbill was in the poultry-yard. This made him angry. "You wait," he said; "I 'll show you!

"Quack, quack, quack!
Give my money back."

When the turkeys and the chickens saw what a funny little fellow had come among them, and when they heard him singing his queer song, they all rushed upon him. If he had not had his wits about him, they would have pecked him to death in no time. But, as good luck would

have it, he remembered Friend Fox, and he cried out,

"Friend Fox, Friend Fox, from your hiding-
place
Come quick, or sad will be my case!"

Friend Fox leaped out from his hiding-place, threw himself on the fowls, and tore them to pieces. Drakesbill began to sing again,

"Quack, quack, quack!
Give my money back."

But the king was very angry when the poultry woman and the cook and the doorkeeper all rushed into the kitchen and told him what had happened. He ordered them to seize Drakesbill and throw him into the well, and thus make an end of him.

"I am lost! I am lost!" cried Drakesbill, as he fell fluttering down into the deep, dark hole. "I can never climb out of this place!"

Then he happened to think of Friend Ladder, and he sang,

"Ladder, Ladder, from beneath my tongue
Come quick, or soon my song will be sung!"

Friend Ladder leaped out quickly, and stood with his feet at the bottom of the well and his two arms resting upon the top. Drakesbill then climbed on his back, and soon he was up and singing louder than ever,

"Quack, quack, quack!
Give my money back."

The king, who was still at table, heard him singing, and the song made him so angry that he almost choked.

"Can't anybody make that fellow hush?" he cried.

Then he ordered his men to build a great fire, and, when it was hot, to throw Drakesbill into it and burn him up.

But Drakesbill was not much afraid this time. Just when the flames were highest, and the captain of the king's men was going to toss him in, he sang out,

"River, River, outward flow,
Or in the fire I must go!"

Friend River quickly came forth, put out the fire, and flowed into the king's palace four feet deep. Drakesbill swam hither and thither, singing,

"Quack, quack, quack!
Give my money back."

Of course, after all this had happened, the king was more angry than ever. When he saw Drakesbill swimming about so coolly, while he had to stand on the table to keep his feet dry, he could hardly contain himself.

"Bring that fellow here, and I 'll finish him with this carving-knife! Bring him here quick!" he cried.

Two servants rushed out, seized Drakesbill, and dragged him toward the king, who was standing with drawn carving-knife. The king's brave men, with swords in their hands, were all around him.

"It is all over with me now," said Drakesbill. "I don't see how I can live through this!"

But just then he thought of Neighbor Wasp-nest, and he cried out,

"Wasp-nest, Wasp-nest, hither fly,
Or Drakesbill soon will have to die!"

Then Wasp-nest waked up his wasps, and things changed very quickly.

The wasps rushed out, flew at the king and his brave men, and stung them so badly that they ran and jumped right out of the windows, and nobody in the palace ever saw them again.

After a while, Drakesbill remembered his money, and began to sing as before. Then he looked round to find his hundred yellow pieces of gold.

He peeped into all the corners and opened all the drawers. It was of no use. There was not a dollar in the house. The king had spent everything.

By and by, Drakesbill found his way into the room where the king's throne stood. As he was very tired, he sat down to rest among the cushions of velvet and gold.

When the people saw the king and his brave

men run away, they crowded into the palace to see what was the matter. The only person they found there was little Drakesbill, sitting by himself on the throne. Then they all shouted,

"The king is dead! Long live the king!
Let Drakesbill rule, we 'll ever sing."

One of them ran and got the golden crown. This they put on Drakesbill's head and hailed him as king. Drakesbill had made up his mind not to be surprised at anything, so he sat very still, and took it all as a matter of course.

"He does n't look much like a king," whispered a few.

"He will be the best king we have ever had," said others. Some who had known him before said, "A Drakesbill is better any day than a king who does nothing but spend our money."

So that is the way in which little Drakesbill became king.

A KING FINDS A BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Once upon a time, there lived in the land of Egypt a huge giant. He was as black as coal, and so fierce and strong that every one was afraid of him. No one would go near him, and he lived all by himself in a house which he had built on the bank of the great river Nile.

At last, he grew tired of living all by himself, so he prayed to Ra, the sun-god, to make him a wife. Ra heard his prayer, and made for him a maiden so beautiful that every other girl in Egypt looked quite ugly beside her. He gave this lovely maiden the name of Sunbeam.

The giant took her to his big house, but she cried aloud for some one to come and set her free.

This made the giant very angry. He beat the poor girl, and said to her, "I will give you four weeks in which to make up your mind whether you will marry me or not. If you then refuse, I will throw you into the Nile."

Sunbeam did not like the idea of being thrown into the river, in which there lived monsters that

would soon eat her up. So she stopped weeping, though she kept on hoping that some young prince would ride up and rescue her before the four weeks were over.

She also tried to please the cruel giant by praising him for his size and his strength. She would say, "What a fine, strong man you are! It is no wonder that there is not a man in the land who can overcome you."

One day, after she had been talking like this, she said to him, "What is it that makes you so much stronger and braver than any other man?"

"Well, there is no harm in telling you that," said the giant, who was quite pleased with her praises. "It is my heart, which is so big and so strong that I cannot hold it in my body."

"Your heart is too big for your body!" cried Sunbeam. "Where, then, do you keep such a wonderful heart?"

"Ah, that is my secret," replied the giant. "But as you are to become my wife, I need not fear to tell you. My heart rests on the branches of a tree. So long as it remains there, no man

can stand against me; but if it falls to the ground, then I shall lose my life."

"Is this tree very far away?" asked the girl.

"By no means," replied the giant. "At the edge of the river there is a circle of palm-trees; in the midst of these palms grows a tree twice as high as the others; on its branches rests my heart. But take care not to go near it, for, if you do, the river will seize you and carry you away, and I shall not be able to save you."

Next morning, when the giant had gone off hunting, Sunbeam left the house. She set off to search for the tree in which his heart was hidden; for she thought, "If I can cause the heart to fall upon the ground, I shall then be free from my cruel master."

It was not long before she saw the circle of palm-trees, standing by the bank of the river, just as the giant had told her; and in the middle she saw a tree twice as high as the others. She ran forward in great joy, but before she could reach the trees, the river began to overflow its banks and rush toward her.

She turned and fled as quickly as she could,

and just managed to escape. But in her flight, a long hair fell from her head and floated off into the water, where it was soon carried away by the waves.

Poor Sunbeam went back to the giant's house very sad indeed, for she felt that there was no longer any hope for her.

Meanwhile, the hair, which fell into the river, was rolled into a ball by the dashing waves; it was carried along for miles and miles, until, at length, it was washed up on the bank again; there it lay, just outside the walls of a splendid city in which Pharaoh, the King of Egypt, lived.

That very day, the young king was driving along the banks of the river, when he noticed the hair-ball lying just out of reach of the waves. He could not make out what it was, so he sent one of his soldiers to pick it up. When the ball was brought to him, he began to unroll it, and found that it was a hair four feet in length.

"What a beautiful hair!" he cried. "The maiden from whose head this has fallen must be the most lovely in the land. I will seek her

out; if she is as fair as I think, I will make her my queen."

So he offered a great reward to any person who could tell him how to find out the owner of the beautiful hair. A good many people tried, but all failed. One day, however, a very wise man, who knew a great deal about magic, came to the palace, and said, "O great king! I can show you how to find the lady for whom you are seeking."

"Do so," replied the king, "and you shall have as much gold as four men can carry."

The wise man then asked for the hair. When it was brought to him, he rolled it up into a ball again, touched it with a little wand, and uttered some magic words over it, then handed it back to the king, saying, "Place this hair-ball upon the ground, and it will roll away. Follow it swiftly, and it will soon take you to its owner."

The king sent for fifty of his finest chariots, each drawn by three horses abreast. He filled the chariots with his bravest soldiers, and took the wise man with him in his own car, which was drawn by four white steeds.

They set off at full gallop after the hair-ball, which all the while rolled on before them. At the end of the fourth day, they reached the house of the giant; and there, in front of the door, the king beheld the most lovely maiden he had ever set eyes upon.

Overcome by her beauty, he knelt before her, and, telling her who he was, begged her to become his wife.

"With all my heart," she cried; "but you must first destroy the cruel giant to whom I belong. He goes hunting all day, and returns at nightfall; but it is useless to think of fighting him, for he is so strong that he could easily kill you and all your men."

"What, then, can I do to save you?" asked the king.

"I will tell you," replied Sunbeam; and she quickly made known to him the secret of her master's strength. But she took care to warn the king that the river would seize any one who went near the tree in which the giant's heart was hidden.

The the king said, "I have a very wise man

with me, whose power will perhaps be great enough to keep back the river; at any rate, we will go and see."

So they went down to the bank of the Nile, where the lofty tree stood in the middle of the circle of palms.

As soon as they came near the trees, the river overflowed its banks and rushed toward them. But the wise man waved his magic wand, and a great wall of stone sprang up before the torrent.

The soldiers at once began to hack at the trunk of the tall tree, and, in a very short time, it fell with a crash to the ground, bringing with it the giant's heart, which was broken to pieces.

Sunbeam's joy on seeing this was greater than I can tell you, for she knew that the wicked giant had lost his life at the moment when the heart fell from the tree.

Sunbeam then married the King of Egypt, and every one said that she was the best and most beautiful queen that had ever ruled in the land.

CINDER-LAD AND HIS SIX BROTHERS.

Once upon a time, there lived in Norway a king who had seven sons. When they were grown up, six of them set off to find brides, but the youngest stayed at home.

The six princes went to many palaces, and saw many princesses. At last, they came to a king who had six daughters. They had never seen such lovely young women, so they married them, and set off for home again.

When they had gone a long, long way, they passed by a rocky hill in which a giant lived. The giant came out and saw them, and he turned them all to stone, princes and princesses alike.

Their father waited and waited for his six sons, but they did not come back. At last, Cinder-lad, the youngest son, asked if he might go and look for his brothers.

"No, no," said his father; "I cannot let you go, for then you would stay away too."

But Cinder-lad had made up his mind. He begged and prayed so long that the king was forced to let him go.

The boy set off, riding on a broken-down old horse. You see, his brothers had taken all the best horses, so he had to take what he could get. When he had ridden for some time, he met a wolf. The wolf was so hungry that he could not stand.

"Dear friend," said the wolf, "do give me your horse to eat. I have had nothing to eat for two years. I have grown so lean that the wind blows through my ribs."

"If I give you my horse," said Cinder-lad, "I shall have nothing to ride on."

"You can ride on my back," said the wolf, "and I will help you when you are in need."

"Well," said Cinder-lad, "since you are so hungry, you may take my horse."

When the wolf had eaten the horse, Cinder-lad mounted on his back. The wolf was so strong after his good meal that he set off with the prince as if he were nothing. The prince had never ridden so fast before.

As they went along, Cinder-lad told him his story, and asked if he knew what had become of his six brothers.

"Yes," said the wolf, "they and their six brides have been turned into stone by a giant. When we have gone a little farther, I will show them to you."

After a while, they came to a rocky hill. "Here is the giant's house," said the wolf, "and here are your six brothers and their brides turned into stone. Do not be afraid. Go through the door, and you will find a princess inside. She will tell you what to do to make an end of the giant."

Cinder-lad went in, feeling very much afraid. In one of the rooms sat the princess, and so lovely a princess he had never set eyes on.

"Oh, Heaven help you!" she said. "Where have you come from? It will surely be your death! No one can make an end of the giant who lives here, for he has no heart in his body." Then she hid the prince under the bed.

Presently, the giant came home, and the princess gave him his supper. After he had eaten, he was in a very good temper, so the princess said to him, "There is one thing I should like to ask you, if only I dared."

"What thing is that?" asked the giant.

"Only where it is you keep your heart," said the princess.

"Ah!" said the giant. "That is a thing you have no right to ask about; but if you must know, it lies in that cupboard over there." Then he gave a great laugh and went to bed.

Next morning, the giant went out early, and strode off into the woods. You may be sure that it was not long before Cinder-lad and his princess were at the cupboard, hunting for the

heart. But though they looked for it a long time, they could not find it.

"He did not tell us the truth this time," said the princess, "but we will try him once more." So she picked all the prettiest flowers she could find, and strewed them around the cupboard.

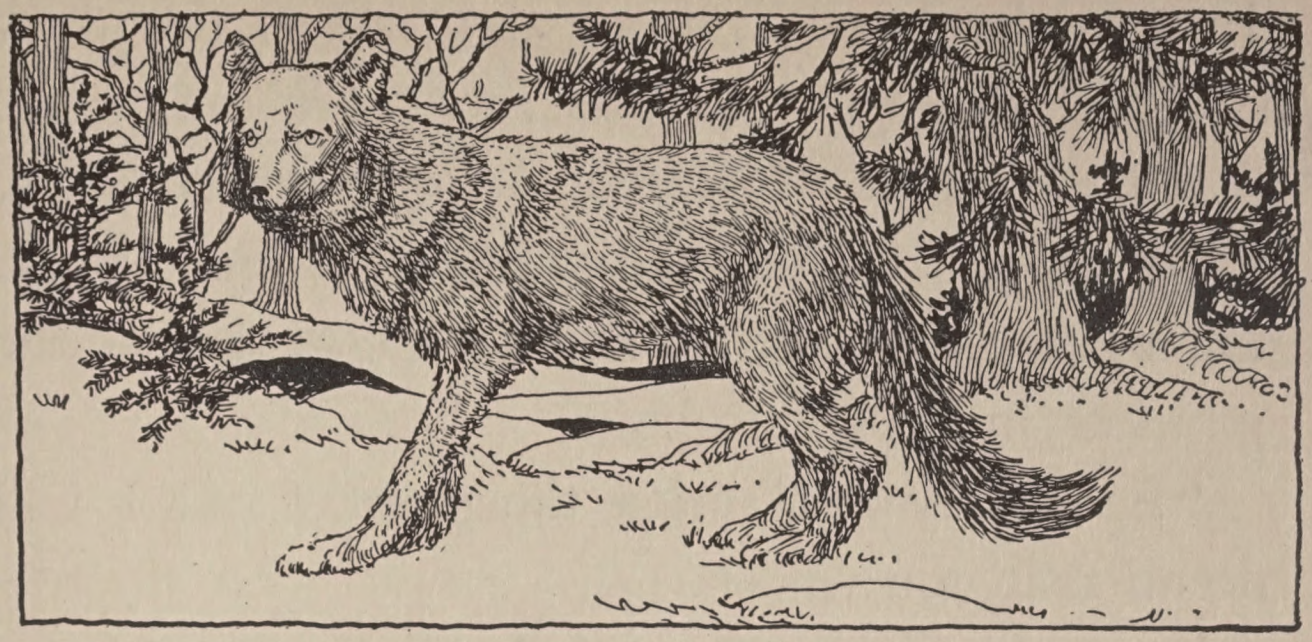
When the time came for the giant to return home again, Cinder-lad crept under the bed. Just as he was well under, in came the giant. He soon noticed the flowers around the cupboard, so he asked who had put them there.

"Oh," said the princess, "I could not help doing it, when I knew that your heart lay there."

"Nonsense!" said the giant. "My heart does not lie there. You will never know where it is."

But the princess begged so prettily that the giant could hold out no longer, and was forced to say, "Far, far away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck there is an egg; and in that egg lies my heart."

Early in the morning, the giant strode off again into the woods. Then Cinder-lad said



good-by to the princess, and went off to find the giant's heart. When he got outside the door, there stood the wolf, waiting for him.

The prince told the wolf all that had happened, and asked him if he knew the way to the well in the church. The wolf told him to jump on his back, and he would soon find the way. Off they went over hedges and fields, over hill and dale.

At last, they came to the lake, and the wolf swam to the island, with the prince on his back. They found the church on the island, and soon came to the well. There lay the duck, just as the giant had said.

Cinder-lad grasped the duck in one hand.

Just as he lifted it from the water, the duck dropped the egg. It was lucky for the prince that he was able to catch the egg before it fell into the well. Then the wolf told him to press the egg. As soon as he did so, he heard the giant crying out with pain.

"Spare my life," cried the giant, "and I will do all that you wish!"

Then the wolf said to Cinder-lad, "Tell him to bring back to life your six brothers and their brides, whom he turned into stone."

The giant did so at once.

"Now," said the wolf, "press the egg in two."

Cinder-lad pressed the egg in two, and the giant burst to pieces. Then the prince rode back on the wolf to the giant's house.

There stood his six brothers and their brides, all alive and merry. So Cinder-lad fetched out the princess who was to be his own bride. They all set off home again to their father's house.

How glad the old king was when he saw them! He made a great feast; and if they have not done feasting—why, they are feasting still.

THE EMPEROR'S INVISIBLE ROBE.

Many years ago, there lived an emperor who was very fond of new clothes. He spent all his money so that he might have a coat for every hour of the day.

In the great city in which he lived, it was always very merry. Every day, a number of strangers arrived there. One day, two rogues came. They said, "We can weave the finest of fabrics. Not only are the colors and the patterns uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of these fabrics are so wonderful that they are invisible to any one who is stupid or unfit for his office."

"Those would be capital clothes!" thought the emperor. "If I wore them, I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for their places; I could tell the clever from the stupid. Yes, the cloth must be woven for me directly." And he gave the two rogues a great deal of money, that they might begin their work at once.

Thereupon, they put up two looms, but they

had nothing at all on them. They at once demanded more gold. This they put into their pockets; and then they worked at the empty looms until late into the night, only pretending to weave.

"I should like to know how far they have got on with the stuff," thought the emperor, after a while. But he felt quite uncomfortable when he thought that those who were not fit for their offices could not see it. He believed, indeed, that he had nothing to fear for himself, but yet he preferred first to send some one else to see how matters stood. All the people in the city knew what peculiar power the cloth possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my honest old minister to the weavers," thought the emperor. "He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office better than he."

Now the good old minister went out into the hall where the two rogues sat working at the empty looms. "Mercy on us!" thought the old minister as he opened his eyes wide, "I can-

not see anything at all!" But he did not say this. Both the rogues begged him to be kind enough to come nearer, and asked if he did not like the colors and the pattern. Then they pointed to the empty loom, but the poor old minister could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

"Mercy!" thought he. "Can I, indeed, be so stupid? I never thought so, and not a soul must know it. Am I not fit for my office? No, it will never do for me to tell that I could not see the stuff."

"What do you think of it?" asked one of the rogues.

"Oh, it is charming, quite enchanting!" answered the old minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what colors! Yes, I shall tell the emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we are glad of that," said both the rogues; and then they named the colors, and explained the strange pattern. The old minister listened attentively, so as to be able to repeat it when the emperor came. And he did so.

Now the rogues asked for still more money, and more silk and gold, which they declared they wanted for weaving. They put all into their own pockets, and not a thread was put upon the loom; but they continued to work at the empty frames as before.

The emperor soon sent another honest statesman to see how the weaving was going on, and how soon the cloth would be ready. He fared just like the first: he looked and looked, but, as there was nothing to be seen except the empty looms, of course he could see no cloth.

"Is not that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked the two rogues; and they made believe to display and to explain the handsome pattern which was not there at all.

"I am not stupid," thought the man; "it must be that I am not fit for my office. It is strange, but I must not let it be noticed." And so he praised the stuff which he did not see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colors and the charming pattern. "Yes, it is enchanting," he said to the emperor.

All the people in the town talked of the beau-

tiful stuff. The emperor wished to see it himself, while it was still on the loom. With a number of chosen men, among whom were also the two honest statesmen who had already been there, he went to the two cunning rogues, who were now weaving with might and main without fiber or thread.

"Is that not splendid?" said the two old statesmen who had already been there once. "Does not your Majesty remark the pattern and the colors?" And then they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought that the others could see the cloth.

"What 's this?" thought the emperor; "I can see nothing at all! This is terrible! Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me." So thinking, he said aloud, "Oh, it is *very* pretty." And he nodded in a contented way, and gazed at the empty loom, for he would not say that he saw nothing.

The whole company with him looked and looked, and saw nothing, any more than he; but, like the emperor, they said, "That *is*

pretty!" and advised him to wear the splendid new robe for the first time at the great procession that was soon to take place.

"It is splendid!" went from mouth to mouth. On all sides there was rejoicing, and the emperor gave the rogues the title of Imperial Court Weavers.

The night before the procession, the rogues were up, and had lighted more than sixteen candles. The people could see that they were hard at work, completing the emperor's new robe. The rogues pretended to take the stuff down from the loom; they made cuts in the air with great scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and, at last, they said, "Now the robe is ready."

The emperor came with his nobles to put on the robe. The two rogues lifted up one arm of the garment, as if they were holding something, and said, "See! It is as light as a spider's web."

"Yes," said all the nobles; but they could not see anything, for nothing was there.

"Will your Imperial Majesty," said the rogues,

"please put on the new robe here in front of the great mirror?"

The emperor assented, and the rogues pretended to put on him the new robe; and the emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"Oh, how well it looks! How capitally it fits!" said all. "What a pattern! What colors! It is a splendid robe!"

Then the master of ceremonies announced, "They are standing outside with the canopy which is to be borne above your Majesty in the procession."

"Well, I am ready;" replied the emperor. "Does the robe not suit me well?" And then he turned again to the mirror, for he wanted it to appear as if he were greatly pleased.

The two chamberlains who were to carry the train stooped down with their hands toward the floor, just as if they were picking up the mantle; then they pretended to be holding something in the air. They did not dare to let it be noticed that they saw nothing.

So the emperor went in the procession, under

the rich canopy, and every one in the streets said, "How handsome is the emperor's new robe! What a train it has! How well it fits him!" No one would let it be known that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or that he was very stupid. No royal robe had ever had such a success as this.

"But he has no robe at all!" a little child cried out.

"Just hear what that innocent says!" said the father; and one whispered to another what the child had said.

At length all the people said, "But he has no robe at all!"

The emperor heard them, and he thought to himself, "I guess they are right, but I have begun this, and I must go on with it to the end."

So he held himself a little higher, and marched back to the palace, bravely wearing the new robe which nobody could see at all.

TEN AT ONE STROKE.

Long ago, in India, there lived a humble weaver. He was a maker of carpets, and as he was very clever at his work, his wares always fetched a good price.

One hot day, he was working at a beautiful carpet, when a gnat came buzzing over his head.

"Go away, you troublesome little insect," he cried, trying to brush it off with his hand.

But the gnat would not allow itself to be

driven away, and the weaver began to fear that it would sting him.

So he went to a cupboard, and, taking out a pot of honey, smeared some on the ground, hoping that the gnat would be caught fast in the sticky fluid. But now he was worse off than ever, for the sweet smell attracted quite a swarm of gnats, which buzzed all over the weaver's little room.

At this, he became angry, and, seizing his shuttle, brought it down upon a number of insects which had gathered around the honey. When he counted those he had killed, he found no fewer than ten.

"What a brave fellow I am!" he cried, pleased at his own cleverness. "Very few men have killed ten at one stroke, I 'll be bound. All the world must hear of this."

Then he took his shuttle and a loaf of bread tied up in a bundle, and set off to tell the world of his great deed. Wherever he went, he showed the people his shuttle, crying, "Ten at one stroke, my friends! Ten at one stroke!"

Every one thought that he meant ten men at

one stroke, and began to think him a very brave man, indeed.

At length, he came to a great city, and entered the gates, crying as usual, "Ten at one stroke!"

A crowd soon gathered round him, and when they heard his words, they said, "This must be a great hero, indeed. Perhaps he has come here to free us from our cruel enemy."

The weaver pricked up his ears at this, and asked, "Who, pray, is the enemy you are talking about? Just tell me, and I will quickly rid you of him, for did I not kill ten at one stroke?"

"He is a dreadful elephant," they replied, "that comes here every day to make a meal of one of us. Many strong men have gone out to fight him, but none have ever returned."

"Only an elephant!" cried the weaver. "I will make short work of him. Why, an elephant is mere child's play to a man like me!"

So the people took him to the king, and said, "Here is the hero who is going to save us. He will kill the elephant all by himself."

"If you can do this," said the king to the weaver, "you may be sure that you will be well re-

warded. You shall have my own bow and spear with which to fight against this dreadful monster."

"Ah! I have a better weapon than either of those," said the weaver, "and that is my shuttle here. It has done good work in its time, I can tell you."

It was a fine sight to see the weaver setting off next day to kill the elephant. All the people of the city gathered in crowds upon the walls, and cheered him again and again as he marched out of the gates, carrying his shuttle and his loaf still tied up in the bundle.

Before long, the elephant appeared in the distance. When the huge animal saw the weaver, he rushed at him, roaring with rage, with his trunk up in the air, and his mouth open as if to eat the man up in one mouthful.

At this terrible sight, the weaver's courage forsook him, and he turned and ran for his life, dropping his bread and his shuttle in his fright.

Now the bread had many sweet spices in it, which gave to it a very pleasant smell. As the elephant charged past, he smelled these spices, and, catching up both bread and shuttle with his trunk, gobbled them up without stopping for a moment. But the shuttle stuck in his throat

and choked him, and before he could reach the weaver, he dropped down dead.

Now when the people on the city walls saw the monster fall, they could scarcely believe their eyes. But their surprise was even greater, when they ran up and found the weaver sitting on the elephant's dead body, quietly dragging his shuttle from its throat.

"Elephants are clumsy great creatures," said he; "but they have not really much strength. I just thrust my shuttle into its throat, and it fell down dead."

Then the people all cried, "This is the bravest man in the world. He has killed ten at one stroke, and now he has freed us from our enemy."

The king made the weaver the chief of his army, and gave him a special house of his own to live in. Here he dwelt in peace and happiness, until one day there came news that a fierce tiger was roaming up and down the country, eating all the men, women, and children that it could find.

The king sent for our friend, and said to him, "I know what a brave man you are, and I have

an offer to make to you. If you can catch this fierce tiger for me, I will give you my only daughter in marriage, and you shall have half my kingdom into the bargain."

"That is just the thing for a man like me," thought the weaver. "A beautiful princess and half a kingdom are not to be won every day."

So he said to the king, "I agree to your bargain. I shall soon catch the tiger, for a man who can kill a great elephant need not fear such a poor creature as a tiger."

He tied a piece of cord around his waist, and, taking with him his shuttle, he set off on his errand. Before long, he came to the edge of a forest, and saw the tiger crouching among the long grass. No sooner did the fierce animal see him than it rushed at him with foaming mouth and gleaming eyes.

But our nimble friend did not wait for the cruel teeth to crunch his bones. He ran to the nearest tree, and climbed up like a monkey. The tiger sat down at the foot of the tree, licking his lips, and thinking what a fine meal he was going to have.

There he sat for six days; but the weaver did not come down, for he had no wish to serve as a dinner for a hungry tiger. On the seventh day, the animal began to doze, and our friend thought that now was his chance to escape.

But at the very first step he made, the tiger awoke and jumped up at him with a roar. The weaver, in terror, dropped his shuttle, which fell crosswise into the animal's jaws, and stuck there so that he could not close them again.

"Now I have you, my fine fellow!" cried the weaver, and he climbed down the tree.

Taking the cord from his waist, he tied it around the tiger's neck; for the animal, because of the shuttle between its jaws, was too much frightened to try to run away.

The hero then went back to the king, taking his prisoner with him; and the king had to keep his promise. So the brave weaver married the king's daughter, and lived happily enough all the rest of his days.

THE SMART YOUNG TIGER.

Once there was a tiger who lived with his wife and three children in a large forest. After a long time, this tiger grew old, and became ill. When he knew that he must soon die, he called his three children to him, and said to them,

"Remember that the tiger is the lord of the jungle, but there is one animal you must beware of, and that is man. On no account, hurt or kill him." Then the old tiger turned over and died.

The two elder sons followed the advice of their father, and never thought of going near the dwelling-place of man. But the youngest son, who was a headstrong fellow, thought he would like to hunt this animal man. So, one morning, this smart young tiger set out upon his journey. His mother begged of him not to go, but go he would.

The tiger had not traveled far when he met an old worn-out bullock, and he asked, "What sort of an animal are you, pray? Are you a man?"

"No, indeed," replied the other; "I am only a poor bullock."

"Well, can you tell me, then, what sort of an animal man is? I am going to find one and kill him."

"Now, I beg of you, young tiger, don't go near man. He is a faithless creature. When I was very young, I was man's servant. You can see by these scars how I have been repaid for my faithful work. Now that I am old, he has turned me out into this wild jungle to live as best I may."

But the smart young tiger only laughed at the warning of the old bullock, and went on his way. Next he met an old elephant.

"Who are you, please?" asked the tiger. "Are you a man?"

"No, indeed," said the elephant. "I am only a poor worn-out elephant."

"Is that so?" said the tiger. "I wonder if you can tell me what sort of an animal man is? I am hunting for one to kill and eat."

"Beware how you hunt man. He is a faithless creature," said the elephant. "Look at me. I am lord of the jungle, but man tamed me, and made me his servant. When I was young, I

had an attendant to wash me, and groom me, and give me my food. But now that I am too old to do his work, man forgets all those years of toil, and turns me out into the jungle."

The young tiger laughed again, and went on. By and by, he came to a woodcutter. He stood and watched him for a time, and then he went up to him, and said, "What sort of an animal are you, please?"

"Why," exclaimed the woodcutter, "what an ignorant tiger you must be! Can't you see that I am a man?"

"Oh! Are you? Then I am in luck; for I am hunting for a man, to kill him and eat him," said the tiger.

The woodcutter laughed, and replied, "Kill and eat me? Don't you know that man is much too clever to be killed and eaten by a tiger? Come with me, and I will show you some things that only man knows."

This pleased the young tiger very much, and the two started out together for the man's home. When they came to the house, which was made of very strong, heavy timbers, the man said,

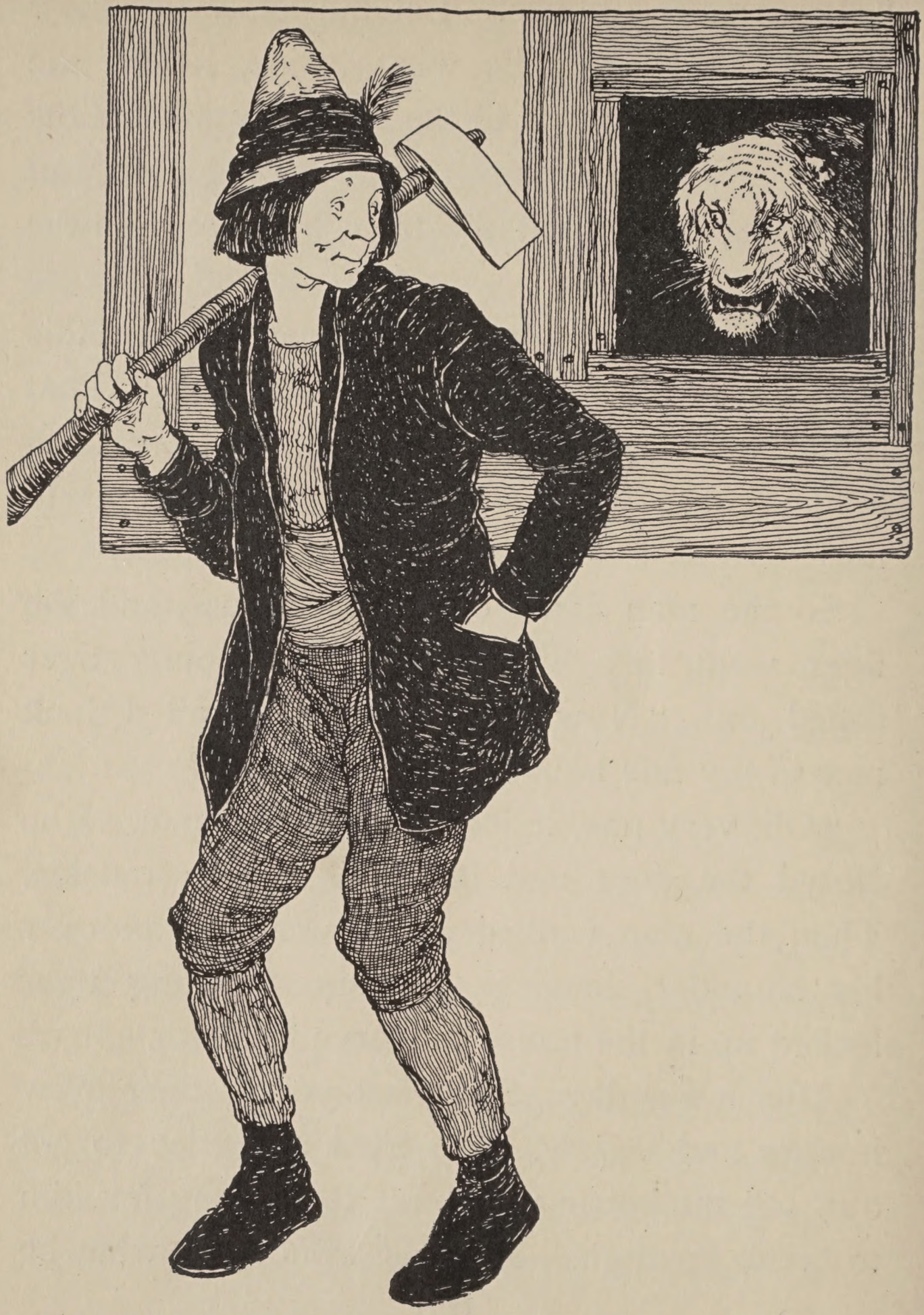
"Now this is a house. Let me show you how we use it." Then he went inside, locked the door, and called out to the tiger, "You see how much more man knows than the tiger. Man has a fine house, but the tiger has a cave in the earth."

When the tiger heard the man talk in this way, he was very angry, and cried out, "What right has an ugly creature like you to own such a fine house? You come out and give it to me!"

So the man came out of the house, and the tiger went in. Then the smart young tiger called out, "Now look at me! Don't I look nice in my fine house?"

"Oh, very fine, indeed!" said the man, as he closed the door and bolted it on the outside. Then the man walked away, with his ax over his shoulder, leaving the smart young tiger locked up in the house to starve to death.

After a few days, the smart young tiger grew hungry and thirsty. He tried and tried to get out, but the house was built too strong for him to break through. He was wondering what he



could do, when he spied a little musk-deer at a stream near by. He called out to her, "Oh, Sister Deer, will you please, please, open the door for me?"

The deer was frightened, but she was sorry for the tiger, so she said, "Oh, Uncle Tiger! I am afraid that you will kill me and eat me if I open the door for you."

"No, no, I will not," replied the tiger. "I promise you faithfully I will not touch you."

So the deer opened the door, and the tiger sprang out and ran straight at the deer. "I am sorry for you, Sister Deer," he cried, "but I must eat you, because I am so very hungry."

The poor deer was dreadfully frightened, and cried, "Oh, Tiger, you promised me you would not touch me. After what I did for you, you ought to keep faith with me."

"Faith?" said the smart young tiger. "What is faith? I don't believe there is such a thing as faith."

"Well, let us make a bargain, then," replied the deer. "We will ask the first three people we meet, and if they all agree there is no such

thing as faith, then you may kill me and eat me."

"I'll agree to that, Sister Deer," said the tiger. "We will call that a bargain." So the smart young tiger and the musk-deer set off together.

Soon they came to a tree, and the deer said, "Good morning, Brother Tree. We have a question we should like to have you decide for us."

The tree waved its branches and replied, "What is your question, Sister Deer? I will do my best to help you."

The musk-deer told the tree the whole story. "Now," she said, "will you please tell me whether there is such a thing as good faith?"

The tree shook its branches and said slowly, "I am bound to say that my experiences in life lead me to believe that there is no such thing as good faith in the world."

They thanked the tree, and went on. Soon they met a buffalo with her calf. The deer told her the story, just as she had told it to the tree, and asked her the same question.

The buffalo would have liked very much to save the deer's life, but she was bound to answer

truthfully, so she said, "Believe me, there is no such thing as good faith in the world."

The smart young tiger was already beginning to show his teeth, and was almost ready to eat the deer then and there, but the deer cried, "Wait, Uncle Tiger! Just wait until we ask the third person. If this person says that there is no such thing in the world as good faith, then you may kill me and eat me."

The tiger agreed, and they started along together again. The deer felt very sad, indeed. After a while, they came to a rabbit, hopping along the road. "Good morning, Brother Rabbit," the deer called out to him. "We have a question we should like to have you decide for us. My life depends upon your answer."

"I shall be glad to do the best I can for you, Sister Deer," said the rabbit. "What is your question?"

Then the deer told the rabbit the story from beginning to end, and what the tree and the buffalo had said, and asked him if he could tell whether there was any such thing as good faith in the world.

"Dear me!" the rabbit replied, "that is a very serious question. You say that you were in the woodcutter's house, Sister Deer?"

"No, no," interrupted the tiger. "It was not the deer. I was in the woodcutter's house."

"Oh, I see," said the rabbit. "Sister Deer must have locked you in, then."

"Oh, no!" the deer explained. "You don't seem to understand at all; that is not how it happened."

"Well, well! This is very much mixed. Suppose you take me back to where this happened, and show me just what took place."

So the three went off together to the woodcutter's house.

"Now, where were you, Sister Deer, at the time when the tiger spoke to you?" asked the rabbit.

"Oh, I was down here," said the deer, and she ran down to the brook.

"Yes, yes! I begin to see," said the rabbit. "Now, where were you, Uncle Tiger?"

"Why, I was inside the house, like this," said the smart young tiger, and he went into the house.

"And I suppose the door was shut like this," said the rabbit, as he quickly closed the door and slyly slipped in the bolt.

Then the rabbit and the deer went off to their own homes, leaving the smart young tiger locked up.

CARLOS AND THE MAGIC HORSE.

There once lived in Spain a king who had three very beautiful daughters. He loved them so much that he could not bear to part with them. So when they were old enough to marry, he shut them up in a strong tower which he had built on a high mountain. This mountain had straight sides, and was so smooth that no one could possibly climb it

You would have thought the poor princesses quite safe in such a prison; but their father was not content. As he was a magician, he sent three enchanted horses to guard his daughters, giving them orders to trample to death any one who came near the maidens.

"Now," said he to himself, "I can rest in peace, for I am quite sure that no one can reach my daughters."

So sure was he, indeed, that he sent messengers all over Spain, crying out that any one who could bring the three princesses from their high tower might have one of them as his wife.

Brave young knights came riding from all

parts of the country, dressed in shining armor and mounted upon prancing steeds; but not one of them could climb a foot up the steep sides of the mountain on which the tower of the princesses was built.

One fine day, three brothers arrived from the far north of Spain, and asked if they might try to win the maidens.

"Try by all means," said the king, with a great laugh, for it amused him to see so many noble Spaniards beaten by his cleverness.

Two of the brothers set off at once upon their swift horses; and they sang a merry song as they rode over hill and dale, for they made quite certain of winning the princesses.

The youngest brother, who was called Carlos, remained behind. He went into the market and bought a very odd set of things. There was first of all a big cart with two oxen; then there was a strong cord a mile in length; and lastly, a great bag of long nails and a hammer.

People who saw him laughed at his purchases; but, as you will see, he knew quite well what he was about.

He set off on his journey, and long before he reached the mountain with his slow oxen, he met his two brothers riding back home. They were no longer singing, and their sad faces showed that they had given up hope of reaching the tower.

When the brothers saw Carlos driving along in his great ox-cart, they sneered at him and said, "You might just as well turn back with us, for it is quite useless for you to try where we have failed. Why, the mountain is as slippery as glass and as steep as a house."

"Never mind," said the young knight. "I am not going back home without having at least one try; and, what is more, I am sure that I shall succeed. Come with me, and when I have freed the princesses, you shall have two of them as your brides."

At these bold words, the brothers laughed loudly, but they returned with Carlos just to see what he was going to do. In time they came to the steep, smooth walls of the mountain, which stretched upward for nearly a mile. Carlos at once set to work, though he saw that his task would be no easy one.

He first tied his long cord safely around his waist, and slung his bag of nails around his neck. Then he took his hammer, and drove a nail into the side of the mountain. He stood upon this nail, and drove in another higher up, on to which he climbed.

After hammering and climbing, and climbing and hammering, for a whole week, he at last reached the top of the mountain.

When he set foot upon the summit, Carlos saw before him the strong tower in which the princesses lived. Just as he was wondering how he could enter it, the door opened, and out stepped the most beautiful maidens he had ever dreamed of.

They cried out with surprise when they saw the knight, and the eldest said to him, "Noble sir, what has brought you here, and how did you succeed in reaching our tower? Go back, I beg you, while there is still time, for we are guarded by wild horses that will trample you to death if they see you here."

Then all three began to weep, but Carlos replied, "Do not be sad, lovely maidens. All will be well with me. I have come to save you, and if you only do as I bid you, we shall all reach the ground again unharmed."

Without losing any more time, he unwound the cord from his waist, and tied one end of it around the eldest princess. Then he lowered her over the side of the mountain until she reached the ground at the foot. One of her sisters was next lowered in the same way.

When it came to the turn of the third princess, she unclasped a necklace of pearls from her throat and gave it to Carlos, saying, "Please take this little trinket, and keep it in memory of me. Never part with it, for it will help you when you are in trouble."

Carlos thanked the princess for her gift, and fastened it carefully to his belt. Then he tied the cord around the girl's waist, and it was not long before she stood with her sisters at the foot of the mountain.

Meanwhile, the two knights below had been watching their brother's success with rage and envy. No sooner had he lowered the third princess than they snatched the rope from his hands, mounted their swift steeds, and sped off like the wind with the maidens.

They never stopped until they reached the palace of the king, who could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his daughters. He raged and stormed, but it was all no good. He had to keep his promise, and the young knights were at once married to the two elder princesses.

Poor Carlos was in despair when he saw the

trick that had been played upon him. He wrung his hands, crying, "What have I done to deserve such treatment as this? By the time I have climbed down the mountain, my brothers will be far away, and I shall never see the princesses again."

Before he had time to begin his descent, he heard a terrible banging and trampling and screaming inside the tower.

The three enchanted horses had just found out that the princesses were missing. They came rushing out of the tower, snorting and plunging with rage, and breathing forth fire from their nostrils.

On seeing Carlos, they ran at him as if to trample him to death, and he gave himself up for lost. But, strange to say, just as he thought his end had come, the horses stopped right in front of him, without hurting a hair of his head.

Carlos then remembered the necklace which the young princess had told him would help him in trouble.

The horses were now as gentle as lambs. They frisked around him, rubbing their heads

against his jacket, and neighing with pleasure when he stroked their silky necks. At last, seeing how tame they were, Carlos leaped upon the back of the largest one.

At once the horse sprang over the side of the mountain into the air. Down, down they went, till Carlos lost his breath, and thought that every moment would be his last. But the horse floated to the ground as lightly as a feather, and stood quite still until the youth had jumped from his back.

Then the animal said to him, "Master, pluck a hair from my tail. If you ever need my help, blow upon this hair, and I shall at once appear before you."

The young man plucked a hair, and before he could say a single word, the horse sprang into the air and disappeared.

Carlos then set off in search of his oxen, and found these quiet creatures standing just where he had left them. He mounted into the cart, and set off slowly and sadly for the city where the king lived, wondering all the time what he should do next.

It was a long, long way to the city, and it took a long, long time, so that before he arrived, his two brothers had already been married to their princesses. He was not even in time for the great feast which had been made in honor of the weddings, but people were still talking about it when he reached the city.

He thought at first of going to the king and telling him the whole truth of the matter. But he gave up the idea, for he felt sure that the king would never believe the story. He did not dare to tell his brothers that he had escaped, for they would have killed him in order to keep their secret.

So he sold his cart and oxen, and, dressing himself up as a poor shepherd, he lived all alone in a little hut outside the gates of the city.

"I shall wait quietly here," he said to himself, "until I can see some chance of winning the youngest princess as my bride."

Now it so happened that after Carlos had been living in his little hut for about a year, the king began to lose his sight. He was in great alarm at this, for he found that his own magic

powers were not strong enough to cure the trouble.

So he sent in great haste for all the doctors and magicians in the country. They came in hundreds, and tried all kinds of cures, but not one did the king any good. His sight grew dimmer and dimmer, until at last he could not see at all.

His grief at the loss of his sight was so great, that he shut himself up in a secret chamber, and

refused to eat for four whole weeks. Then he sent out messengers all over Spain, saying that any one who could restore his sight should marry his youngest daughter, and should reign after him.

Carlos, of course, heard of this, and he thought, "If I can only cure the king, my misfortunes will be at an end." So he took out the hair which he had plucked from the tail of the enchanted horse, and walked into the open country, where there was no one to see him.

Then he blew gently upon the horse's hair, and at once the beautiful animal appeared before him.

"Master," he cried, "you called me. Pray tell me what I can do to help you."

The young knight told him about the king's trouble, and said, "Dear horse, if you can only give me something to bring back the king's sight, I shall be the happiest knight in Spain, for I shall have my princess, and I shall win a crown for myself into the bargain."

"Oh, that is the easiest thing in the world!" replied the horse. "I know a fountain, far away

in India, the water of which has the magic power of curing blindness. I promise that within twenty-four hours you shall have some of the magic liquid; so you can go back to your home and wait there quietly, while I bring it to you."

Sure enough, within a day, Carlos heard a loud neigh outside the door of his hut, and, on running out, there he saw the enchanted horse, standing with a jar of water in his mouth.

"You are the best friend I have in the world," said Carlos, stroking the horse's soft neck. "Some day I will try to repay you for your kindness to me."

Then he took the jar of water, and lost no time in running to the palace with his precious burden.

As he ran he cried, "I can cure blindness! I can give sight to the blind!"

When the king's servants heard him, they ran out of the palace, and almost carried him to the room in which the sick king was lying.

"Sire," they all cried out together, "here is a man who claims to be able to cure blindness."

"Let him try, then," said the king in a weary

voice. "I have no hope that he will succeed, but he can do no worse than all the others."

So a clean white cloth was brought, and Carlos poured on it some of the magic water. Then he passed the damp cloth gently over the blind man's eyes, and—lo, his sight at once returned to him!

For a moment the king sat silent, staring straight in front of him, as if amazed. Then he gave a great cry, "I can see! I can see!" and burst into tears of joy.

When he had recovered, he took Carlos by the hands and said to him, "Ask of me what you like. Everything I have shall be yours."

Carlos then told his story from beginning to end. He told how he had freed the princesses, how he had been tricked by his brothers, and how he had been helped by the magic horse.

The king was very angry when he heard how the two brothers had deceived him, and he drove them out of the city with their wives.

Soon afterward, Carlos married the youngest princess, and was made heir to the throne.

One, two! One, two! With his sword at his side and his knapsack on his back, a soldier, on his way home from the wars, came marching along the road.

An ugly old witch met him and said, "Good evening, Mr. Soldier! What a fine sword you have, and such a big knapsack, too! You shall have all the money you want."

"Thank you very kindly," said the soldier.

"Do you see that big tree?" asked the witch. "Climb up to the top, and you will see it is hollow. You can let yourself down inside the tree. At the bottom you will find a hole through which you can get under the tree."

"What am I to do down under the tree?" asked the soldier.

"Get money," answered the witch. "When you get down to the bottom of the tree, you will find a wide passage lighted with a hundred blazing lamps. You will see three doors that you can open. In the first room you will see a big box in the middle of the floor. A dog is sitting

on the top of the box, and he has eyes as big as saucers. But do not be afraid. I will give you my apron, which you can spread out on the floor; then quickly take hold of the dog and put him on my apron, open the box, and take out as much money as you please. This money is copper, but if silver pleases you better, go into the second room. Here you will find a dog with eyes as big as millstones, but you can put him on my apron and then take all the silver you like. If you prefer gold, you must go into the third room. The dog sitting on the box in this room has eyes as big as the Round Tower, but he won't hurt you if you put him on my apron. Then you can take as much gold out of the box as you can carry."

"That is fine!" said the soldier. "But how much do you want for yourself?"

"Not a bit! I don't want a piece of the money. You may have it all. I only want you to bring me an old tinder box that my mother forgot the last time she was down there."

"All right," said the soldier. "Then tie the rope around my waist and let me down."

"Don't forget to take my apron," said the witch.

Then the soldier climbed up the tree, and the witch let him down into the hollow trunk. He soon found himself in the wide passage where the lamps were blazing.

He opened the first door. Ugh! There sat the dog with eyes as big as saucers, staring right at him. "You 're a pretty fellow!" said the soldier, as he took him up and put him on the witch's apron. Then he opened the box and took out just as many pennies as he could cram into his pockets. He shut the box, and put the dog back again on the top.

Now he went into the second room. Ugh! Ugh! There sat the dog with eyes as big as millstones. "You should n't stare so hard," said the soldier. "You might get a pain in your eyes." Then he put this dog down on the witch's apron and opened the box. When he saw that it was full of silver, he threw away all his pennies and crammed his pockets and his knapsack full of silver.

Then he went into the third room. Ugh! Ugh!

Ugh! There sat the dog with eyes as big as the Round Tower, and they rolled round and round like wheels. But the soldier was not afraid. He lifted the dog down on to the witch's apron and opened the box. "Mercy on us!" cried he, as he saw all the gold. Quickly he threw away all the silver he had in his pocket and knapsack. Then he crammed all his pockets and his knapsack and his cap and his boots with so much gold that he could hardly carry it. He put the dog back on the box, shut the door of the room, and shouted through the hollow tree, "Pull me up, you old witch! Pull me up!"

"Have you the tinder box?" shouted back the old witch.

"Dear me! I forgot that," answered the soldier; so he went back and got the tinder box for her.

Then the old witch hauled him up with the rope, and soon he stood again on the dusty road, but this time with his pockets, knapsack, cap, and boots full of shining yellow gold.

"What do you want this old tinder box for?" asked the soldier.

"That 's none of your business," answered the old witch. "You have your gold; give me my tinder box."

"Not so fast!" cried the soldier. "If you don't tell me what you want it for, I 'll cut your head off."

"Well, I won't tell you," answered the old witch, angrily.

Then the soldier drew his sword and cut her head off. He tied all his money up in her apron, slung it over his shoulder, put the tinder box in his pocket, and marched on again.

When he reached the next town he went to the finest hotel and ordered the best of everything. The next day he bought new clothes and dressed like a fine gentleman. He spent money freely, and the people liked him. When they told him about their king and the lovely daughter he had, the soldier asked, "Where can I see this lovely princess?"

"You can't see her at all," they answered, "because she lives in a great copper castle, protected by walls and towers. It has been said that she will marry a common soldier." The

king will not allow this, so he keeps her hidden away."

This set the soldier thinking, but he could think of no way of getting sight of the princess.

As he kept on spending money freely, he found at last that he had only twopence left. So he had to leave the hotel and move into a small garret under the roof of a dingy house. Here he had to take care of himself, and no friends

came to see him. One dark evening he had not even money enough to buy a candle. He thought of the old tinder box and got it out. In the tinder box he found a bit of candle, a flint, and a steel. He struck the flint with the steel, and as the sparks flew up, his door suddenly burst open, and there before him stood the dog with eyes as big as saucers.

The dog asked, "What does my lord command?"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the soldier. "This is a wonderful tinder box."

Then he said to the dog, "Get me some money, quick!"

Away went the dog, but in the twinkling of an eyelash he came back with a big bag full of pennies in his mouth, and then disappeared.

It did not take long for the soldier to find out the secret of using the tinder box. If he struck once, the copper dog came; if he struck twice, the silver dog came; if he struck thrice, the gold dog came.

Now he had plenty of money again. He moved out of the dark garret back to the fine

hotel once more. He bought plenty of elegant clothes, and all his friends came to see him as before.

But this did not satisfy the soldier. "How can I manage to see the princess?" he asked himself more than once. He could not answer his own question until one night he thought of trying his tinder box. He struck the flint once, and instantly the dog with the saucer eyes came.

"Even if it is midnight," said the soldier, "I want to see the princess."

Before he had time to wink, the dog was gone, and soon returned with the princess, fast asleep, on his back. She looked so lovely that the soldier bent down and kissed her. He could not help it. Then the dog took the princess back to her castle.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, the princess told the king and the queen that she had had such a wonderful dream. She said she had taken a ride on a dog's back, and that a soldier had kissed her.

After this a nurse had to sit by the bed of the princess at night to watch and see if it was only

a dream, or if something strange really had happened.

The very next night the dog came again. He took up the princess and ran off with her as fast as he could, but the nurse ran after them and saw them go into a big house.

"Aha!" she said. "Now I know where the place is." Then she made a big cross on the gate with chalk and went home to wait.

Very soon after she got there, the dog came

back, too, with the princess. But he had seen that there was a white cross on the gate, so he took a piece of chalk and very cleverly made crosses on all the gates in the town.

Early the next morning the nurse told the king and the queen what she had seen and what she had done. So they all went to see where the princess had been.

"There is the house," said the king when he saw the first cross.

"No; it is over there," said the queen, who saw another cross.

"But there are crosses everywhere!" cried the nurse. Then they saw that it would be of no use to look any further.

As soon as they got home, the queen took her scissors and cut up a large piece of silk into smaller pieces. These she made into a pretty little bag, in which she put buckwheat. She then tied this bag on the back of the princess, and cut a little hole in the bottom of the bag so that the buckwheat grains should drop out along the way the princess went.

That night the dog came again and carried the

sleeping princess to the soldier. He never noticed how the buckwheat dropped out of the pretty little bag along the road.

In the morning the king easily found the place. The soldier was seized and put into a dark dungeon. "To-morrow they will hang you," said the jailer, as he locked the door.

"Oh," mourned the soldier to himself, "if I only had not left my tinder box behind!"

After a weary night, the soldier woke early. Through the bars of his prison window he could see the people on their way to the gallows on which he was to be hanged. Everybody was in a hurry. A shoemaker's boy was in such a hurry that he lost one of his slippers right under the soldier's window.

The soldier cried out, "I say, you boy! Don't be in such a hurry. Nothing can be done till I get there. But if you run to my house and fetch me my tinder box, I will give you a penny. You must be quick."

The boy was only too glad to earn a penny, so he set off for the tinder box, and soon brought it to the soldier, who gladly gave the lad a penny.

Outside the town, the king's people had built a high scaffold with a higher gallows on it, from which the soldier was to hang.

The soldier mounted the ladder, but when the rope was being put round his neck, he asked, "Won't you please let me smoke my pipe for the last time?"

"All right. Smoke your pipe for the last time," they said to him.

So the soldier took out his tinder box, and with the steel he struck the flint once, twice, thrice. Behold, there were all the three dogs!

"Help me! Help me!" cried the soldier. "They are going to hang me!"

The dogs rushed at the people, and alarmed them greatly.

"Oh, good soldier," they shouted, "you shall marry the princess. Only call off the dogs!"

The soldier did as they wished. Then the princess was brought out of the copper palace and became his wife, as had been foretold, and ever after they lived a happy life.

HOW CASSIM BECAME KING.

A little orphan boy, named Cassim, lived with his uncle in a great city on the banks of a river in Persia.

The street in which Cassim dwelt was very narrow, and the houses were small and mean. Cassim's uncle had a large family to support, and had to work very hard to find enough food for all his children.

One day he said to his nephew, "You are now old enough to earn your own living; so take this bag of cakes and these ten pieces of money, make your own way in the world, and do not come back here again."

Cassim left the house and wandered through the city, seeking work. He had not gone far when he saw some cruel boys chasing a poor little white mouse. They were throwing stones at the little creature, which, in its fright, ran to Cassim for shelter.

Cassim stroked it gently, and said, "Well, Mousie, since you have come to me for safety, I will see that nobody hurts you."

The boys then came running up, and one of them cried, "That mouse belongs to me. Give it to me, for I want to kill it."

"Not if I can help it," said Cassim. "Why do you wish to harm such a pretty little animal? I will give you five pieces of money if you will give it to me."

With that the boy was well content. He took the money and went off with his friends.

The white mouse was trembling with fright, but it thanked its new master prettily, and said, "I am only a poor, weak creature, but some day, perhaps, I shall be able to repay you for the service you have done me."

Cassim put the mouse carefully in his pocket, and, giving it one of his cakes to eat, went on his way.

Before long, he met a party of boys, dragging along a little white dog, and he asked them, "What are you going to do with this poor little creature?"

"We are going to drown it in the river," replied the boys.

"That is very cruel," said Cassim. "See,

here are five pieces of money; take them, and give the dog to me."

The boys were only too pleased to do so, and Cassim went off with the animal, which frisked about him, showing its joy in every way that it could.

"Master," it said, "good deeds never go without reward. A day will come when I shall be able to help you, as you have helped me."

Cassim tried everywhere to find work, but the city was so crowded with people, that there was not enough work to go round. So the boy would soon have starved, but for the morsels of food which kind people gave to him, and which he always shared with his pets.

One day, as he was sitting near the gates of the city, watching some soldiers march through in their glittering armor, he heard the sound of bells. Soon a long line of camels appeared, laden with goods of all kinds. He found out from one of the people who stood by, that this caravan belonged to some merchants, who were traveling to a distant city.

Cassim ran up to the chief of the merchants,

and asked if he might go with the caravan. "Nobody seems to need me in this city," he said, "but there are hundreds of ways in which a boy like me could be useful to you upon the march."

"Very well," said the merchant, rather roughly; "you may come if you like. I dare say we can make use of you."

So Cassim took a seat on one of the camels, and set off on his travels, with his mouse in his pocket and his little dog under his arm. In time the caravan crossed a great river, and entered a broad desert, where nothing was to be seen but yellow sand.

Cassim soon began to wish that he had never left his native town, for the chief of the merchants was a bad man who treated him cruelly. He made the boy do all kinds of rough work, and then beat him, even when the work was done quite well.

So one day, when the camels reached a well of water, Cassim hid himself with his two pets among some thick bushes, and the caravan went on its way without them.

When the merchants were quite out of sight, the boy crept from his hiding-place; and, as he had been many hours without food, he looked about for any scraps that the men might have left behind. But he could find nothing at all.

"O Doggie dear!" he said, "I fear I have brought you here to die of hunger, for there is not a morsel of food to be found."

"Do not worry about me, master," said the dog; "I shall find something good for all of us. Never fear."

And the mouse cried out in his little piping voice, "Do not despair, master. We have at

least plenty of water; let us go and quench our thirst."

So they all went off to the well to take a drink of water; and there, by the side of the well, they saw a silver fish shining on the sand.

It was gasping for breath and almost dead, for it had jumped from the water to catch a fly, and had been unable to reach its home again.

"Poor little fish!" cried Cassim, as he picked it up and dropped it back into the water.

The fish lay quite still for a moment near the surface, and then darted down into the depths of the well. Soon, however, it returned with a glittering ring in its mouth, and this it laid on the sand at the edge of the well, close to Cassim's feet.

"You have saved my life," said the fish, "and I am deeply grateful to you. As a reward, I have brought you this ring from the bottom of my well. Take good care of it, for it has magic powers. You have only to rub it, think of anything you want, and you will see it before you."

So saying, the fish darted back again into the blue depths, without waiting for a word of thanks.

"Oh! This is really splendid!" cried the dog, frisking about in delight. "We shall all have a good dinner now, and without the trouble of cooking it."

"Yes, yes!" piped the mouse. "Rub the ring quickly, master, and see if it can do for you all that the fish promised."

Cassim rubbed the ring, wishing at the same time for something to eat. At once a white tablecloth appeared, on which there were twelve silver plates, six covered with rich meats, and six with delicious fruits.

What a feast the boy and his two friends had!

"Now, master," said the dog, "you must make good use of your magic ring. Rub it again, and this time wish for something grand."

"Ah, you must be more patient," said Cassim, laughing. "We must not give this ring too much work to do all at once. Still, just to please you, I will wish once more; but my wish is such a great one, that I do not think the ring will be able to grant it."

"Never mind! Never mind!" squeaked the mouse. "Let us hear your wish."

"Well," said Cassim, "I wish to find, in the morning, in this desert place, a city with temples, lakes, and gardens. In the middle of the city, I want a shining palace with plenty of horses, chariots, fine food, and all good things. I wish this well to become a broad river, flowing through the land and making it fruitful; and lastly, I wish the city to be filled with people, all ready to greet me as their king."

"This is, indeed, a great wish," said the dog. "I think that the ring will be kept very busy to-night, if it is to do all that you ask before morning."

"Yes," said Cassim, smiling; "and if it is half as weary as I am, I fear that very little of its work will be finished by daybreak." Then, tired out, he lay down to sleep, with his friends by his side.

When the boy opened his eyes in the morning, he thought that he was dreaming, for he found himself lying on a silken couch, around which stood forty richly dressed servants.

"Where in the world am I?" he cried in surprise.

"Where should you be but in your palace, O king!" replied the servants.

Then Cassim remembered his wish, and knew that the magic ring had not failed in its duty. While he slept, a palace and a city had sprung up around him, with temples, gardens, and all other things which go to form a great town. A broad stream flowed over the land; and, in one night, an empty desert had been changed into a country full of people.

The boy sent for a chariot, and drove out into the city. Around him rode five hundred guards, all splendidly dressed, and with drawn swords. Wherever he went, the people crowded to see him, waving their hands and shouting, "Long live our king!"

Cassim lived happily in his fine palace, and his pets shared in the good fortune which had come to their master. The dog had a pretty little four-roomed house in the gardens, while the mouse had two tiny rooms inside the palace. They never knew what it was to be hungry, and they frisked and played all day long to their hearts' content.

Not quite a year had passed by when, one day, the very merchant who had treated Cassim so badly found this busy city where once there had been nothing but a lonely desert.

He went to the palace, and asked Cassim how it had all happened. The boy thought that he had nothing now to fear from the merchant, so he told him of the magic ring, and how it had raised a palace and a city in a single night.

"That must be indeed a wonderful ring," said the merchant. "Would it be asking too much of you to let me see it?"

"Not at all," replied Cassim. "Here it is upon my little finger."

The merchant bent over the ring, as if to look at it more closely. In a flash, he tore the ring from the boy's finger, and giving it a rub, wished the whole city to be carried to a distant island in the sea.

No sooner had he uttered this evil wish, than the magic city was whisked away through the air, leaving poor Cassim and his two pets behind. There they stood, looking the picture of misery, and there beside them was the des-

ert well, just as it had been nearly a year before.

Cassim shed bitter tears at the loss of his beautiful city. But his faithful dog thrust his nose into his master's hand and said, "Do not be so sad, dear master. You have lost your city, but you still have two little friends who will never forsake you."

"Yes, you have, indeed!" cried the mouse, running up the boy's leg and perching himself upon his knee. "You saved our lives when we were going to be killed by cruel boys. Now it is our turn. Trust to us, and we will recover for you all that you have lost."

"Thank you, you dear little creatures," said Cassim; "your kind words put new life into me, and I will no longer sit and weep like a baby. Let us set off in search of the lost city and the magic ring."

So off they went, and began their long journey in good spirits. They traveled on and on, through great deserts, and over high mountains; but they could find nowhere a trace of the city for which they were seeking.

After walking for about three months, they came to a wood near the seashore. As they were sitting at the foot of a tree, making a meal of some morsels of food which had been given them, they heard a bird talking to a friend among the leaves.

"To-day," said the bird, "I flew over a palace in the sea, so beautiful that I could not help staying to admire it."

"Did you, indeed?" said his friend. "And where was this palace?"

"If you look carefully over the waves," replied the first bird, "you can just see it."

Cassim was delighted when he heard this, for he knew that the palace could be no other than that which had been stolen from him. But how was he to reach it? He had no boat, and he could not swim.

"This is our chance to help you," said his dog. "I can swim, and Mousie here is very nimble. He shall sit on my head, and I will carry him to that great city in the middle of the sea. If we cannot bring you back your magic ring, then we are not worth calling your friends."

In a moment, Doggie was splashing his way out to sea, with Mousie sitting calmly upon his head.

Night was falling before they reached the city and made their way to the palace. No one took any notice of them, and they easily found their way to the door of the room in which the merchant was sleeping.

The door was bolted and barred, but this was no hindrance to the little mouse, who began to gnaw at the wood with such strength, that, in quite a short time, he had made a hole in it large enough for him to crawl through. He popped into the room at once, and found the thief fast asleep in his bed.

It was not long before he saw the magic ring, but he could not touch it, for a very good reason. It was guarded by two fierce cats which were chained to it, and which would have made a meal of poor little Mousie, if they could only have reached him.

"It is quite clear that I cannot take the ring," said the little animal. "I think I had better run away and see what Doggie thinks about the matter."

So back he went through the hole, and told his friend what he had seen.

"I will tell you what you must do," said the dog. "Set to work to gnaw the merchant's hair; then he will have the cats chained to his pillow in order to keep you away."

The mouse went back, and did just as he had been told. The sleeper was so much annoyed at the tugs at his hair, that he had the two cats chained to his pillow.

No sooner had he fallen asleep again, than the mouse seized the magic ring, and ran off with it as fast as he could.

The two friends quickly made their way to the seashore, and swam across the water to the place where Cassim was waiting for them. How pleased the boy was to have his ring again! He rubbed it without delay, and wished the city back in its old place.

In less time than it takes me to tell you, the city returned to where it had stood before.

The people were pleased to see their king again, and Cassim ruled over them in the greatest happiness for the rest of his days.

THE FLYING TRUNK.

There was once a merchant who was very rich. His son inherited his wealth, and lived a merry life with it.

In this manner he soon lost all his money. At last he had nothing left but a pair of slippers, an old dressing gown, and four shillings.

Now all his companions deserted him. They would not walk with him in the streets; but one of them, who was very good-natured, sent him an old trunk with this message, "Pack up!"

"Yes," he said, "it is all very well to say, 'Pack up,' but I have nothing left to pack." Therefore he seated himself in the trunk.

It was a very wonderful trunk; no sooner did any one press on the lock than the trunk began to fly. He shut the lid and pressed the lock, when away flew the trunk up the chimney, with the merchant's son in it, right up into the clouds. Whenever the bottom of the trunk creaked, he was in a great fright; for if the trunk had broken to pieces, he would have had a bad fall.

However, he got safely to the land of Turkey.

He hid the trunk in a wood under some dry leaves, and then went into a town near by. This he could do very well, for the Turks always go about dressed in gowns and slippers, as he was himself.

He happened to meet a nurse with a little child. "I say," cried he, "what castle is that near the town, with the windows placed so high?"

"The king's daughter lives there," she replied. "It has been prophesied that she will be very unhappy about a lover, therefore no one is allowed to visit her, unless the king and the queen are present."

"Thank you," said the merchant's son. So he went back to the wood, seated himself in his trunk, flew up to the roof of the castle, and crept through the window into the room where the princess lay on the sofa, asleep. She awoke, and was very much frightened; but he told her he was a Turkish angel who had come down through the air to see her. This pleased her very much. He sat down by her side and talked to her. He told her delightful stories;

and when he asked her if she would marry him, she consented immediately.

"But you must come on Saturday," she said;

"for then the king and the queen will take tea with me. They will be very proud when they find that I am going to marry a Turkish angel. You must think of some very pretty stories to tell them, for my parents like to hear stories. My mother prefers one that is deep and moral; but my father likes something funny, to make him laugh."

"Very well," he replied; "I shall bring you no other marriage portion than a story," and so they parted. But the princess gave him a sword studded with gold coins, and these he could use.

Then he flew away to the town and bought a new dressing gown. Afterward he returned to the wood, where he composed a story, so as to be ready by Saturday. When he went to see the princess on Saturday, the king and the queen and the whole court were at tea with her. He was received with great politeness.

"Will you tell us a story," asked the queen—"one that is instructive and full of learning?"

"Yes, but with something in it to laugh at," said the king.

"Certainly," he replied. "There was once a

bundle of matches proud of their high descent. The tree from which they had been cut was a large, old pine-tree in a great forest. The matches now lay between a tinder box and an old iron saucepan, and were talking about their youthful days. 'Ah! Then we grew on green boughs, and were as green as they. Every morning and evening we were fed with diamond drops of dew. Whenever the sun shone, we felt his warm rays, and the little birds would relate stories to us as they sang. We knew that we were rich, for the other trees wore their green dresses only in summer, but our family were in green summer and winter. The wood-cutter came, and all of us fell under his ax. The head of the house is now a mainmast in a very fine ship, and can sail round the world when he will. Other trees were taken to different places, but our tree was split up, and all we have to do now is to kindle a light for common people in a kitchen.'

'My life has been very different,' said the iron pot, which stood by the matches. 'From my first entrance into the world I have been

used to cooking and scouring. I am the first in this house, when anything solid or useful is required. My only pleasure is to be made clean and shining after dinner, and to sit in my place and have a little sensible talk with my neighbors. All of us, excepting the water bucket, which is sometimes taken into the courtyard, live here together within these four walls. We get our news from the market basket, but he sometimes tells us very unpleasant things about people. One day an old pot was so alarmed, that he fell down and was broken in pieces.'

'You are talking too much,' said the tinder box; and the steel struck against the flint till some sparks flew out, crying, 'We want a merry evening. Don't we?'

'Yes, of course,' said the matches. 'Let us talk about those who are the highest born.'

'No, I don't like to be always talking of what we are,' remarked the saucepan. 'Let us think of some other amusement. I will begin. We will tell something that has happened to ourselves; that will be very easy, and interesting as well. On the Baltic Sea, near the Danish shore—'

'What a pretty beginning!' said the plates. 'We shall all like that story, I am sure.'

'Yes? Well, in my youth I lived in a quiet family, where the furniture was polished, the floors were scoured, and clean curtains put up every fortnight.'

'What an interesting way you have of relating a story!' said the carpet broom. 'It is easy to see that you have been a great deal in society, something so pure runs through what you say.'

'That is quite true,' said the water bucket; and he made a spring with joy, and splashed some water on the floor.

Then the saucepan went on with his story, and the end was as good as the beginning.

The plates rattled with pleasure, and the carpet broom brought some green parsley out of the dust hole and crowned the saucepan. He knew it would vex the others; but he thought, 'If I crown him to-day, he will crown me to-morrow.'

'Now let us have a dance,' said the fire tongs; and then how they danced and stuck up

one leg in the air! The chair cushion in the corner burst with laughter when she saw it.

'Shall I be crowned now?' asked the fire tongs; so the broom found another wreath for the tongs.

'They are only common people, after all,' thought the matches.

The tea urn was now asked to sing; but she said she had a cold, and could not sing without boiling heat. They all thought she did not wish to sing except in the parlor, with the grand people.

In the window sat an old quill pen, with which the maid generally wrote. There was nothing remarkable about the pen, except that it had been dipped too deeply in the ink; but it was proud of that.

'If the tea urn won't sing,' said the pen, 'she can leave it alone. There is a nightingale in a cage who can sing.'

'I think it highly improper,' said the tea kettle, who was kitchen singer and half brother to the tea urn, 'that a rich foreign bird should be listened to here. Is it patriotic? Let the market basket decide what is right.'

'I certainly am vexed,' said the basket. 'Are we spending the evening properly? Would it not be more sensible to put the house in order? If each were in his own place, I would lead a game. That would be quite another thing.'

'Let us act a play,' said they all. At the same moment the door opened, and the maid came in. Then not one stirred. They all remained quite still; yet, at the same time, there was not a single pot among them who had not a high opinion of himself, and of what he could do if he chose.

'Yes, if we had chosen,' they each thought, 'we might have spent a very pleasant evening.'

The maid took the matches and lighted them; dear me, how they sputtered and blazed up!

'Now then,' they thought, 'every one will see that we are the first. How we shine! What a light we give!' Even while they spoke, their light went out."

That was the end of the story.

"What a capital story!" said the queen. "I

feel as if I were really in the kitchen, and could see the matches. Yes, you shall marry our daughter."

"Certainly," said the king, "you shall have our daughter."

The wedding day was fixed, and, on the evening before, the whole city was illuminated. Cakes and sweetmeats were thrown among the people. The street boys stood on tiptoe and shouted, "Hurrah!" and whistled between their fingers. Altogether it was a very splendid affair.

"I will give them another treat," said the merchant's son. So he went and bought rockets and crackers, and all sorts of fireworks. These he packed in his trunk, and flew up with them into the air. What a whizzing and popping they made as they went off! When the Turks saw the sight they jumped up so high that their slippers flew about their ears. After this it was easy to believe that the princess was really going to marry a Turkish angel.

As soon as the merchant's son had come down into the wood after his display of fireworks, he thought, "I will go back into the town now,

and hear what they think of the entertainment."
It was very natural that he should wish to know.
And what strange things people did say, to be

sure! Every one whom he questioned had a different tale to tell, though they all thought it very beautiful.

"I saw the Turkish angel myself," said one. "He had eyes like glittering stars, and a head like foaming water."

"He flew in a mantle of fire," said another; "and lovely little cherubs peeped out from the folds."

He heard many more fine things about himself, and that the next day he was to be married. After this he went back to the forest to rest himself in his trunk. It had disappeared! A spark from the fireworks which remained had set it on fire. It was burned to ashes! So the merchant's son could not fly any more, nor go to meet his bride. She stood all day on the roof, waiting for him. Most likely, she is waiting there still, while he wanders through the world, telling fairy tales.

"It is so delightfully cold," said the snow man, "that it makes my whole body crackle. This is just the kind of wind to blow life into one. How that great red thing up there is staring at me! It shall not make me wink."

He meant the sun, which was just setting.

The snow man had two triangular pieces of tile in his head, instead of eyes. His mouth was made of an old broken rake, and in this way was furnished with teeth.

The sun went down. The full moon rose, large, round, and clear, shining in the deep blue.

"There it comes again, from the other side," said the snow man, who supposed the sun was showing himself once more. "Ah, I have cured him of staring, though. Now he may hang up there, and shine, that I may see myself. If I only knew how to manage to move away from this place. I should so like to move! If I could, I would slide along yonder on the ice, as I have seen the boys do; but I don't understand how. I don't even know how to run."

"Away! Away!" barked the old yard dog. He was quite hoarse, and could not pronounce, "Bow-wow," properly. He had once been an indoor dog, and lain by the fire, and he had been hoarse ever since. "The sun will make you run some day. I saw him make a snow man run last winter, and the winter before. Away! Away! They all have to go."

"I don't understand you, comrade," said the snow man. "Is that thing up yonder to teach me to run? I saw it running itself, a little while ago, and now it has come creeping up from the other side."

"You know nothing at all," replied the yard dog. "What you see yonder is the moon, and the one before it was the sun. It will come again to-morrow, and most likely teach you to run down into the ditch by the well; for I think the weather is going to change. I can feel such pricks and stabs in my left leg, that I am sure there is going to be a change."

"I don't understand him," said the snow man to himself; "but I have a feeling that he is talking of something very disagreeable. I can feel,

too, that the one who stared so hard just now, and whom he calls the sun, is not my friend."

"Away! Away!" barked the yard dog, and then he turned round three times, and crept into his kennel to sleep.

There really was a change in the weather. Toward morning, a thick fog covered the whole country round. A keen wind arose, so that the cold seemed to freeze one's bones. When the sun rose, the sight was splendid. Trees and bushes were covered with hoarfrost, and looked like a forest of white coral. Every twig glistened with frozen dewdrops. Where the sun shone, everything glittered and sparkled, as if diamond dust had been strewn about.

"This is really beautiful," said a young girl who had come into the garden with a friend. They both stood still, near the snow man, and enjoyed the glittering scene. "Summer cannot show a more beautiful sight," she exclaimed, while her eyes sparkled.

"And we can't have such a fellow as this in the summer time," replied the young man, pointing to the snow man. "He is capital."

The girl laughed, and she nodded at the snow man. Then they tripped away over the snow, making it creak and crackle beneath their feet.

"Who are they?" asked the snow man of the yard dog. "Do you know them?"

"Of course I know them," replied the yard dog. "She has stroked my back many times, and he has given me a bone of meat. I never bite those two."

"But what are they?" asked the snow man.

"They are lovers," he replied. "They will go and live in the same kennel by and by, and gnaw at the same bone. Away! Away!"

"Are they the same kind of beings as you and I?" asked the snow man.

"Well, they belong to the same master," replied the yard dog. "Certainly people who were only born yesterday know very little. I can see that in you. I have age and experience. I know everything, and I know there was once a time when I did not lie out here in the cold, fastened to a chain. Away! Away!"

"Tell me," said the snow man. "Do tell me

—only you must not clank your chains so; for it jars all through me when you do that."

"Away! Away!" barked the yard dog. "I 'll tell you. I was a pretty little fellow once. Then I used to lie in a velvet-covered chair, up at the master's house, and sit in the mistress's lap. They used to kiss my nose, and wipe my paws with an embroidered handkerchief, and I was called 'Ami,' 'Dear Ami,' 'Sweet Ami.' But after a while I grew too big for them, and they sent me away to the housekeeper's room; so I came to live on the lower story. It was certainly a smaller room than those upstairs; but I was more comfortable; for I was not being continually taken hold of and pulled about by the children, as I had been. I received quite as good food, or even better. I had my own cushion, and there was a stove—the finest thing in the world at this season of the year. I used to go under the stove and lie down comfortably. Ah, I still dream of that stove! Away! Away!"

"Does a stove look beautiful?" asked the snow man. "Is it at all like me?"

"It is just the reverse of you," said the dog.

"It 's as black as a crow, and has a long neck and a brass knob. It eats firewood, so that fire spurts out of its mouth. We should keep on one side, or under it, to be comfortable. You can see it through the window from where you stand."

Then the snow man looked, and saw a bright polished thing with a brazen knob, and fire gleaming from the lower part of it.

"And why did you leave?" asked the snow man. "How could you give up such a comfortable place?"

"I had to," replied the yard dog. "They turned me out of doors, and chained me up here. I had bitten the youngest of my master's sons in the leg, because he kicked away the bone I was gnawing. 'Bone for bone,' I thought; but they were angry. Since that time I have been fastened to a chain, out in the cold. Don't you hear how hoarse I am? Away! Away! I can't talk like other dogs any more. Away! Away! That is the end of it all."

But the snow man was no longer listening. He was looking into the housekeeper's room on

the lower story, where the stove stood on its four iron legs, looking about the same size as the snow man himself. "What a strange crackling I feel within me!" he said. "Shall I ever get in there? I must go in, even if I have to break the window."

"You must never go in there," said the yard dog; "for if you do, you 'll melt away."

"I might as well," said the snow man, "for I think I am breaking up as it is."

During the whole day the snow man stood looking in through the window. In the twilight hour the room became still more inviting. When the door of the stove was opened, the flames darted out of its mouth. The light fell with a ruddy gleam directly on the face and the breast of the snow man. "I can endure it no longer," said he. "How beautiful it looks when it stretches out its tongue!"

The night was long, but it did not appear so to the snow man, who stood there enjoying his thoughts and crackling with the cold. In the morning the window panes of the housekeeper's room were covered with ice. There were most

beautiful ice flowers, but they hid the stove. The snow crackled and the wind whistled around the snow man. It was just the kind of frosty weather a snow man might thoroughly enjoy. But he did not enjoy it. How, indeed, could he enjoy anything?

"That is a terrible disease for a snow man," said the yard dog. "I have suffered from it myself, but I got over it. Away! Away!" he barked. "The weather is going to change."

And the weather did change; it began to thaw. As the warmth increased, the snow man decreased. He said nothing, and made no complaint. One morning he broke, and sank down altogether; and, behold, where he had stood, something like a broomstick remained sticking up in the ground! It was the pole round which the boys had built him up.

"Ah, now I understand why he had such a great longing for the stove," said the yard dog. "Why, there 's the shovel that is used for cleaning out the stove, fastened to the pole!"

FIVE WONDERFUL EGGS.

Once upon a time there lived in France a king who had a lovely little daughter named Florina. Her name meant "the Little Flower," and indeed she was just as fresh and beautiful as any flower that blooms.

Her father was very fond of her, but she had a stepmother who did not care for her at all. This stepmother also had a daughter of the same age as Florina. She was called Troutina, because her face was spotted like the back of a trout.

Troutina was as ugly and bad-tempered as Florina was lovely and gentle, and the difference between the two made the queen so jealous, that she and her daughter took every chance they could to make Florina unhappy, and to speak ill of her to her father.

The girl bore all their ill-treatment without a murmur. She dared not tell her father about it, for he was ruled entirely by his wife, and would have given no heed to anything she might say.

One day, when the two princesses were about

eighteen years of age, a prince from a distant country came riding up to the palace. He was called Prince Charming, and he was just as charming as his name.

When the queen heard of his arrival, she made Florina put on a shabby old frock; but she gave Troutina a grand silk dress, and decked her out with pearls and diamonds.

Yet the prince was so much struck by Florina's beauty, that he did not notice her ragged dress, but fell in love with her at once. As for Troutina, though she was blazing with jewels, he would not so much as look at her.

The queen and her ugly daughter were furious. Off they went to the king, and begged of him that Florina might be shut up in a prison so long as Prince Charming was with them. So, the very moment that she left the prince, the poor girl was seized and carried off to a bare cell at the top of a tower.

The prince lay awake all night, thinking of the beauty of the young princess; and in the morning he went straight to the queen, and asked if he could have her as his wife.

"You must not think any more about that bad girl," said the queen. "But there is my daughter Troutina; she is more beautiful and more agreeable in every way, and would make you a splendid wife."

"It is quite possible that she would make me a good wife," replied the prince, politely; "but I am sure I should make her a bad husband, for I love Florina, and her alone I will wed."

At these words, the queen grew very angry, and, stamping her foot, she cried, "I shall take good care that you do nothing of the sort, for you shall never see that wicked girl again. I have shut her up in a cell, and there she will remain until Troutina is married."

When the queen left Prince Charming, she went to the room of her ugly daughter, and told her all that had happened.

"I have made up my mind that he shall marry you," she said to Troutina; "and I will tell you how this can be brought about. You must go and see your godmother Zelia, who, as you know, is a powerful fairy. Tell her all I have said, and ask her to help you."

Troutina did as she was told, and before long she returned to the palace, bringing the fairy with her.

"Where is this bold young prince?" said Zelia. "Let me see if he still dares to refuse the hand of a fairy's goddaughter."

Prince Charming was at once sent for, and in a few moments he appeared in the room.

"Well, ladies," said he, smiling as pleasantly as he could, "pray tell me which of you has sent for me."

"It was I who sent for you," replied the fairy; "for I hear that you have been rude enough to refuse to wed this maiden, my goddaughter Troutina. I command you now to marry her without delay."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said the prince in an angry tone; for, like most princes, he did not like to be ordered about.

"You will either do as I bid you," said the fairy, "or I shall take away your human form, and you shall fly about the world, for seven long years, in the shape of a bluebird."

"Do what you will," replied the prince; "I

would rather die a thousand times than marry any one but Florina."

No sooner had he spoken than his form began to change. His body took the shape of a bird, and his arms turned into wings. His legs became thin, and claws grew upon them in place of feet. He gave the saddest cry you ever heard, and, flying off through the window, hid himself in a hollow tree in the palace grounds.

When night came, the poor bluebird flew round and round the palace, looking in at every window, trying to find out where his beloved princess was shut up. At last he peeped into a tiny cell at the top of a tower, and there he saw her, weeping as if her heart would break.

He tapped gently with his bill against the window, and presently the maiden heard the sound. She flew to the window and opened it.

"Dear bird," she said, stroking his feathers, "have you come to comfort me in my sorrow?"

"Lovely princess," he replied, "your sorrows will soon be at an end; weep no more."

"Who are you, that you can promise such a thing?" asked the girl.

"I am your true lover, Prince Charming," replied the bird. "I have been changed into this shape by a fairy, because I would not give you up."

You may imagine Florina's joy on hearing this, and at the same time her sorrow on learning that the prince must keep his new form for seven years. They talked the whole night through, till day began to break, and promised to meet thus every night.

How comforted the lovers were now! The bluebird lived all day in a hollow tree, and the princess never left her lonely cell; yet they found plenty to talk about when they met each night.

Days soon passed into weeks, and weeks into months, but the bluebird and his princess never noticed how time flew, for they were so happy with each other.

Meanwhile the wicked queen and her ugly daughter could not understand why Florina did not pine away with grief.

"She sees no one," said the queen, "and yet she remains as happy as the day is long. There

must be some good reason for it; but we shall find her out and punish her."

So, late one night, they crept up to Florina's cell. The queen quietly unlocked the door, and they both rushed in, and caught the maiden and her bluebird chatting pleasantly with each other at the window.

"Fly, dear prince! Fly!" cried Florina, when she saw that her secret had been found out. "You cannot assist me, and your presence may bring me into further trouble."

The bluebird knew that there was no help for it, so, almost overcome with sorrow, he flew away out of the window.

Then the queen seized Florina by the arm and cried, "So we have found you out at last, you wicked girl! This bird, whose company you seem to enjoy so much, is no doubt an evil spirit, and you are nothing more nor less than a witch. I shall go straight to your father, and he shall punish you for it."

So saying, the queen and her daughter went away to tell their tale to the king. They knew quite well that the bluebird was Prince Charm-

ing, and that Florina was no witch; but they did not care what untruths they told, if only they could bring harm to the princess, whose beauty and goodness made them so jealous.

Now it so happened that, when Troutina and her mother went off to persuade the king to punish Florina, they were not allowed to see him. He had been taken suddenly ill, and the doctors kept every one from his bedside. During the night he grew worse, and before morning he died, saying with his last breath that his daughter Florina should succeed him on the throne.

When the people heard of this, they gathered round the palace, crying, "Where is our new queen? Let her come forth, so that we may greet her!" But no queen came, for Florina was still shut up in her cell. The noise and the rioting grew worse and worse, until the wicked queen and her daughter began to fear for their lives, and fled secretly to the fairy Zelia.

Then the people burst into the palace, and sought everywhere for the princess. Up and down the stairs they ran, until at last they found

her in her wretched prison, and they took her out and crowned her at once. She was now a very great lady, indeed, and had the best of everything, yet she knew that happiness would never be hers until she had found her bluebird again.

So, calling together six of the wisest men in her court, she left the care of the kingdom in their hands, and set off to search through the wide world for her beloved prince. Dressed like a poor peasant girl, she traveled up and down, asking every one, "Have you seen a bluebird flying this way?" But they all answered, "No."

One day, she was sitting by a brook, dipping her weary feet into its cool water, when a woman, bent like a hoop with age, came and stood by her side.

"Pretty maiden," she said, "pray what are you doing here, all alone?"

"Good mother," replied Florina, "I am searching through the world for a bluebird; but I am beginning to give up hope of ever finding him, for I have met no one who has seen him."

"Perhaps I can help you," said the old woman; and as she spoke she cast aside her

long cloak, and turned into a young and beautiful fairy.

"I know all your story, lovely Florina," she went on, "so I have taken pity on you, and shall do all I can to bring you happiness. You must know that I am a sister of the fairy Zelia, but I am much more powerful than she is, and I shall help you against her."

"Kind and beautiful fairy," replied the young queen, "I can never thank you enough for the joy your words bring to me. Tell me first of all, I pray you, where my bluebird is; for as you are a fairy, you of course know everything."

"I can easily tell you that," said the fairy. "The prince you seek is no longer a bird, for he rules once again in his own country. My sister Zelia has given him leave to return to his real shape for six months."

"Oh, cruel prince!" cried Florina. "Why did he not seek me out and marry me, as he promised?"

"You little know how much he wished to do so," replied the fairy; "but Zelia would not permit it. He was given his human form again,

only if he would agree to let Troutina live in his palace, and try to like her and to marry her."

"Alas! Alas!" cried the poor queen. "Perhaps, even, by this time, he has made up his mind to make her his wife. Then I should die of grief."

"You need have no fear of that," said the fairy; "he cannot so much as bear the sight of her. Do not worry, dear Florina; for I have given my promise to help you, and happiness shall yet be yours. Take these five eggs, and whenever you are in trouble, break one of them, and see what happens."

So saying, the fairy vanished, leaving Florina staring at the eggs in her hand.

Florina was greatly comforted by what the fairy had told her, and she now stepped out bravely toward the country of Prince Charming. After she had walked for a week without stopping, she came to a steep mountain of glass, which lay right in her path.

"I am sure I shall never be able to climb this mountain," she said, almost crying. "What am I to do?"

Then she suddenly thought of her eggs, so she took one out and cracked it. Inside she found six golden needles, which she fixed upon her hands and feet, and then found that she could cross the mountain with ease.

When she reached the top of the mountain, she saw a great lake spread out before her. So she broke her second egg, and out came a shining chariot of rose-colored glass, drawn by two swans. Florina mounted the chariot, and was swiftly borne over the lake to the dry land which lay beyond.

"Now, my sweet swans," said she, "will you take me to the palace of Prince Charming?"

The swans at once set off with her, and flew day and night until they reached the gates of the palace. There the girl dismissed them, after thanking them in the prettiest manner for all that they had done.

She went into the palace, and told the servants that she had brought some very rare and curious things with her, which she wished to sell. So they took her to Troutina, who did not know her in her peasant's clothes.

"Well, girl," said the ugly princess, roughly, "what brings you here?"

Florina replied, "I have come from a distant land to sell you rare and beautiful things"; and, taking her third egg, she cracked it. Out came a lovely little coach made from a single diamond; the horses were no bigger than small mice, and the coachman looked like a tiny doll.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Troutina.

The horses pranced along the top of a table, and the coachman cracked his tiny whip.

"What do you want for these?" she asked.

"I will not sell them for money," replied Florina, "but I will give them to you, if you will allow me to sleep, for one night, on the mat outside Prince Charming's door."

"Very well," said Troutina, laughing till she showed all her large teeth; "your bargains are cheap enough."

Now the prince always drank a glass of hot milk before going to bed, and into this Troutina put some powder to make him sleep soundly. So that, although Florina sobbed and wept all night outside his door, he did not hear her.

On the next day, she made up her mind to pass another night in the same place. So she cracked her fourth egg, and there she found a mirror which made even the ugliest face seem very beautiful. Troutina was pleased with this. But again the prince slept soundly the whole night.

On the third day, Florina broke the last egg, out of which came a purse which never emptied, no matter how much money was taken from it. Greedy Troutina was delighted with this, and bought it at the same price as before.

Now on this night, the prince forgot to drink his milk before going to bed, and as he lay awake he heard Florina crying, "Oh, my false lover! What have I done that you should forget me and marry another?"

He knew the voice at once, and, rushing to the door, found there his beloved princess, her eyes swollen with tears. He fell on his knees before her, and they embraced tenderly and wept together for joy.

At this moment, the fairy who had given the eggs to Florina appeared before them, and said,

"My power is greater than that of my sister Zelia, so you shall be married without delay."

Just then Troutina came running up, her face quite twisted with rage; but before she could say a word, the fairy changed her into a trout, and flung her out of the window into a stream which flowed below.

Prince Charming and Florina had now overcome all their troubles, and their joy was greater than I can tell you. They were married the very next day, with the greatest splendor; and, having joined their countries together, they ruled over them very happily for the rest of their days.

THE BLUEBIRD.

I know the song that the bluebird is singing
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! The skies may be dreary.
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.
Hark! How the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! Was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you 'll hear what he 's saying
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying:
"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know.
Hark while I sing you a message of cheer:
Summer is coming, and springtime is here.
Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise!
Bright yellow crocus, come open your eyes!
Sweet little violets hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold!
Daffodils! Daffodils! Say, do you hear?
Summer is coming and springtime is here."

THE THROSTLE.

"*Summer is coming, summer is coming!*
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again."
Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"*New, new, new, new!*" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"*Love again, song again, nest again, young again.*"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend—
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"*Here again, here, here, here, happy year!*"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS.

Once upon a time, in the middle of winter, when the snowflakes were falling like feathers, a queen sat sewing at a window framed in black ebony. As she sewed she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell on the snow outside. Because the red showed out so well against the white, she thought to herself, "Oh!

What would n't I give to have a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as ebony!"

Her wish was granted, for not long after was born to her a little daughter with a skin as white as snow, lips and cheeks as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony. She was called Snow White.

Not long after her birth the queen died, and within a year the king married again. His new wife was a beautiful but wicked woman, and so proud that she could n't bear any rival to her beauty. An old witch, who was a friend of hers, had given her a magic mirror; and when she used to stand before it and ask,

"Mirror, mirror, in my hand,
Who 's the fairest in the land?"

it always replied,

"You are most fair, my Lady Queen;
None fairer in the land, I ween."

Then the queen was happy, for she knew the mirror always spoke the truth.

But Princess Snow White was growing prettier and prettier every year, and one day the prince of a neighboring kingdom was so struck by her loveliness that he asked for her hand in marriage. The queen put off giving him any answer for a year and a day; and when he was gone, she asked the mirror the usual question. This time it replied,

"My Lady Queen, you are fair, 't is true;
But Snow White is more fair than you."

Then the queen flew into the most violent passion, and, calling her chief huntsman, she said, "Take the princess out into the wood and kill her, and bring me her heart, that I may be certain that she is dead."

The huntsman led Snow White out into the wood, but she was so sweet and beautiful that he let her wander forth into the forest instead of killing her. He killed a wild pig instead, and brought its heart to the queen as a proof that Snow White was really dead.

When Snow White found herself alone in the wood, she was greatly frightened, and began to

run, and kept on running until she came to a little house. Through the window she saw there was no one at home, but she was so tired that she stepped inside to rest. Everything in the house was very small. A little table was set for supper with seven little plates, and against the wall were seven little beds. Snow White was so hungry and thirsty that she ate a bit of bread and a little porridge from each plate, and drank a drop of water from each cup. Then she lay down on one of the beds and fell fast asleep.

Soon the masters of the house returned. They were seven dwarfs who dug deep in the heart of the mountain for gold and jewels. They soon noticed that some one had been in the room.

"Who 's been eating my bread?" said one of the dwarfs. "Who 's been tasting my porridge?" said another. "Who 's been drinking from my cup?" said a third.

Then the first saw a hollow in his bed where Snow White had tried it, and he cried out, "Who 's been lying on my bed?"

Then all the dwarfs examined their beds, and the seventh started back in amazement, for there he beheld Snow White, fast asleep.

The dwarfs had never seen a little girl before, and they were so enchanted by Snow White's beauty that they gathered round with their lamps to admire her. The light woke Snow White. She was very much frightened at first, but the seven strange little dwarfs were so friendly that at last she told them how she came to be wandering so far in the forest, and how her stepmother had wished to put her to death.

When the dwarfs had heard her story, they asked, "Will you stay and keep house for us—cook, make the beds, sweep the house, sew and knit? If you will do this, we shall be glad to have you live with us, and you shall want for nothing." So Snow White took up her abode with them.

Every morning the dwarfs burrowed into the mountain to seek for gold and jewels, and every evening, when they returned home, Snow White had their supper ready. They grew very fond of her, and she of them. But before they went

away in the morning, they always warned her, saying, "Beware of the wicked queen! If she finds out that you are alive, she may attempt to harm you."

The queen, because she thought she had seen Snow White's heart, believed that she was once more the most beautiful woman in the world; but one day, when she asked her magic mirror the usual question, it answered,

"My Lady Queen, you are fair, 't is true;
But Snow White is fairer far than you.
Snow White, who dwells with the seven little men,
Is as fair as you, as fair again."

When the queen heard these words, she was struck dumb with horror, and ran quickly to the witch and asked her how she might destroy Snow White. The witch, by magic, transformed the queen into an old peddler woman and gave her a poisoned comb. In this disguise the queen journeyed to the house of the seven dwarfs. There she called out, "Fine wares to sell! Fine wares to sell!"

Snow White saw that the old woman was tired, and asked her into the house; but she would buy nothing, for she had no money.

Then the old woman said, "Because you were kind and let me come into the house, I will give you this fine comb. Let me put it in your hair." Hardly had the comb touched her hair than the poison worked, and Snow White fell down unconscious.

"Now, my fine lady, you 're really done for this time," said the wicked woman, and she ran back to the witch.

Fortunately, the seven dwarfs soon returned home, and when they saw their dear Snow White lying on the floor, still and motionless, they suspected the wicked queen. So they searched till they found the poisonous comb, and the moment they pulled it out of her hair, Snow White came to herself and told them what had happened. When they had heard it, they said, "The old peddler woman was none other than the queen in disguise. In future let no one into the house, if we are not at home."

As soon as the wicked queen got to the old

witch's cavern, she consulted her magic mirror, but the mirror answered as before,

"My Lady Queen, you are fair, 't is true;
But Snow White is fairer far than you.
Snow White, who dwells with the seven little men,
Is as fair as you, as fair again."

When she heard this, the queen became as pale as death, because she saw that Snow White must be alive again. "This time," she said to the witch, "you must give me something that will make an end of her, once and for all."

The witch gave her a poisoned apple, so beautiful that every one who saw it longed to eat it. Then the witch changed the queen into an old pieman. This time, when she knocked at the dwarfs' door, Snow White answered through the window, and said, "I may not let any one in, no matter who. I have promised the dwarfs."

"Are you afraid of being poisoned?" asked the old pieman. "I merely stopped to give you an apple I plucked in the wood. See, I will

cut it in half and eat the white side, and you can eat the red.

Now the apple was so cunningly made that only the red cheek was poisonous. Snow White, seeing the pieman eating, took the poisoned half. But hardly had the first bite passed her lips when she fell down dead.

"This time the dwarfs won't be able to bring you back to life!" cried the queen. When she got home she asked her mirror, and it replied,

"You are the fairest, Lady Queen;
None fairer in the land, I ween."

So her jealous heart was at rest—at least as much at rest as so bad a heart ever can be.

When the dwarfs came home, they found Snow White lifeless on the ground. They unlaced her bodice, combed her hair, and bathed her face with wine, but all in vain. Their little princess was dead. For three whole days they wept for her. She looked so lovely, as if she were only fast asleep, that they could not bear to hide her away in the black ground. So they made a coffin of crystal and laid her in it, and

wrote on the lid, in gold letters, that she was a princess. They set the coffin in a dell in the forest and kept watch over it all the time.

One day it happened that, while the dwarfs kept guard over the coffin, deep in the dell, the queen's huntsman, who had dug his way out of the tower in which he had been imprisoned, came searching through the forest for Snow White. When the dwarfs learned that he was the huntsman who had let Snow White escape instead of killing her, they let him look upon her in the crystal coffin. They saw that he, too, loved their little princess; and they asked him what to do, for they were sure that it was the wicked queen who had caused Snow White's death.

The huntsman led them back to the palace, bearing the crystal coffin on their shoulders. The prince had returned that day to claim Snow White as his bride, as the queen had promised. The queen told him that Snow White was dead; that she had died while away at school.

Just at that moment, the huntsman and the seven dwarfs came marching into the palace,

bearing Snow White in the crystal coffin. The wicked queen was terrified, for she knew that her hour had come. Quickly grasping the magic mirror, she asked,

"Mirror, mirror, in my hand,
Who 's the fairest in the land?"

The mirror replied,

"You who hold me in your hand,
You were fairest in the land;
But to-day, I tell you true,
Snow White is more fair than you."

In her rage and despair, the queen broke the magic mirror and rushed at the seven dwarfs to keep them from bringing the crystal coffin into the throne room. The dwarfs, in the suddenness of the attack, let the coffin fall. The crystal was broken, and Snow White's body lay on the floor.

When the dwarfs gathered around her to protect her from the queen, Snow White sat up with the piece of poisoned apple in her hand; it had been jarred from her throat by the fall. At

first Snow White was terrified when she recognized the palace; but when the prince claimed her for his bride, and said he would protect her, all fear left her.

The queen became ugly, for she had broken the magic mirror, and she asked that they let her go far away, where no one would see her. The huntsman wanted to lock her up in the gray tower, as she had done to him. The seven dwarfs wanted to make a pair of red-hot slippers for her to dance in at Snow White's wedding. But Snow White had pity on her, because she had become so ugly, and she persuaded her friends to let the queen go unharmed.

Snow White was crowned queen, and the whole court rejoiced, for they loved her. The seven dwarfs went to their cottage, deep in the forest, to bring back their gold and diamonds as a wedding present for Snow White. When they returned, she kept them with her always as her bodyguard, and the huntsman was their captain. So Snow White and the prince lived happily forever after.

CLEVER CHANG.

A little Chinese boy, named Chang, lived with his father and mother in a large city. His father kept a shop, and sold all kinds of pretty things, such as silk fans, paper lanterns, and gold lace.

Every day Chang went to a queer little school. He was very good at his lessons, and his teacher often praised him. Like most Chinese children at that time, he was taught to write poetry, and his verses were always the best in his class.

When Chang grew up, he left school, and went to work in his father's shop. But he did not like selling things. He felt that he wanted to see something of the world. So he asked his father if he might set off to seek his fortune.

At first his father refused, but when he found that the boy's heart was set upon going, he let him go.

After tramping for many days, Chang found himself in a large city near the sea. There he saw ships sailing to all parts, and he thought, "How fine it would be to sail in one of these

ships! I should visit all kinds of strange lands, and come back with sacks full of gold."

So he went on board one of the ships and offered himself as a sailor. The vessel put out to sea, and Chang began to feel very sick. But he soon got over this, and quickly grew to like his work.

The ship sailed on for many days, quite out of sight of land. At last they came near to a large island, and Chang could see upon it the roofs and towers of a fine city. Then a great storm arose, and the waves beat against the sides of the ship until a plank gave way.

The water rushed in, and the vessel quickly sank. All the crew were drowned except Chang. He clung to a broken piece of the mast, and was washed up safe and sound upon the shore.

Chang slept all night upon the shore, and he was awakened in the morning by the sound of voices. Looking round him, he saw a party of horsemen, all dressed in splendid uniforms.

At the head of the troop was a young man whose dress blazed with jewels, and whose horse was the finest Chang had ever seen.

"Good morning!" he said to Chang. "I can see that you are a stranger. Pray tell me from what country you have come."

"I have come from China," replied the boy; and he told the young man all that had happened to him.

"Do you really come from China?" said the prince. "We have heard a great deal of that country, but we have never seen any one who came from there. Come along with me. My father will be pleased to see you."

Chang was set upon a beautiful horse, and the whole party then rode down to the seashore.

The horses plunged into the waves, and Chang was just beginning to think that they would all be drowned, when the sea opened out before them, and formed a high wall of water on each side.

The troop rode along the broad path which opened before them, until at last they reached a large plain covered with all kinds of strange flowers.

In the midst of this plain stood a palace. The walls were made of pink coral, and the roof was made of fishes' scales. In the front, a great flight of golden steps led up to a door of mother-of-pearl. Around the palace was a large garden, in which fountains were playing merrily, and the prettiest brooks and waterfalls were flowing here and there.

"You must know," said the prince, "that I am the son of the King of the Sea. This is his palace. He will be glad to see any one from China."

So saying, he led the way up the golden steps into a vast hall of polished glass, out of which opened a number of other chambers, all shining with thousands of lights. In this hall there was

a splendid throne, and on it sat a very fine-looking old man—the King of the Sea.

Chang had never seen a real king before, so he felt rather nervous, and did not quite know what he ought to do. Still, he made his very best bow, and then went down on his knees before the throne. The old king spoke to him in a kind tone, and asked him who he was.

When the prince had told him Chang's story, the king said, "I am, indeed, pleased that you have come to see me, for I have heard how clever the Chinese are. People have told me that they write the best poetry in the world. I wonder if you will write a poem for me all about this palace."

"I will, indeed," replied Chang. He sat down at once at a table, and wrote a hundred verses. They were quite the best he had ever written, and he felt very proud when he laid them at the feet of the king.

When the king had read them, he was pleased.

"If you will stay with me," he said to Chang, "you shall be my chief poet. I will give you a fine house near the palace, and you shall have horses to ride, and servants to wait upon you."

Chang was only too pleased to consent. He received all that the king had promised, and became a very great man, indeed. When he went out, he rode upon a splendid horse, and twenty horsemen always went with him. Ten rode in front of him, carrying swords, while ten rode behind him, blowing trumpets.

For many years Chang lived in the Kingdom of the Sea. Every year the old king grew more fond of him, until at last he gave him, as wife, his only daughter, a lady as lovely as any fairy.

In time, they had two pretty little children, and the king gave them a larger house than before, with great rooms in it, stocked with every toy you can imagine. Around the house there were fine gardens, where the little ones might romp and play to their hearts' content.

Yet, as the years passed by, Chang began to have a great desire to see his old home once more. It seemed such a long time since he had set off to seek his fortune, and he thought of the pleasure it would give his father and mother to see him again.

So one day he went to his princess and said,

"I have now been away from my country for many years, and I feel that I should like to go back again to see my father and mother. Let us take our children with us, and make the journey to China together."

"No; that I may not do," replied his wife. "I should quickly die if I left the Kingdom of the Sea. You must go alone, though I shall be very, very sad as long as you are away from me. You may stay away for one year, and then you must hasten back, or my heart will be broken."

Chang kissed his wife, and promised that nothing in the world would keep him from coming back. Then the princess ran off and took from an old chest a small round mirror, which she gave to her husband.

"Take this with you," said she. "It is a magic mirror. Whenever you look into it, you will see my face."

She next filled a bag of jewels, and gave it to Chang, saying, "Take care of this bag, for I wish you to give it to your father and mother as a present from me."

Then she called for her chariot of mother-of-pearl, which soon rolled up, drawn by eight snow-white sheep, each with a collar of diamonds.

After saying good-by to his children, Chang mounted into the chariot with the princess, and off he drove along the sea lane which led to the island on the edge of the kingdom. Then he bade his wife farewell and stepped ashore, while the walls of the sea closed in behind him.

Chang set off at once for the town, near which he had been wrecked so many years before. Here he boarded a ship just about to sail for China, and, after a safe voyage, he at last reached his native land.

He hastened to his old home, but his parents no longer lived there. He sought through the town, and at last found them in a wretched hut in the poorest part of the city. They wept with joy to see their dear son again, for they had long given him up as dead.

When their loving greetings were at an end, Chang asked his parents how it was that they were now so poor.

"Alas," said his father, "it is a sad story! One day our shop caught fire and was burned to the ground; not a single thing was saved. Since then, we have lived, as best we could, on what our neighbors cared to give us, and often we have been without food for days."

When Chang heard this, he ran off and brought back a basket full of food, and the poor old people had the best meal they had ever eaten. Then he told them all that had happened to him, and they sat up very late that night listening to his strange story.

At last he showed them the bag of jewels which the princess had sent them as a present. They clapped their hands with joy, and praised the kindness of the princess in making them rich for the rest of their lives.

Then Chang bought a fine house for his father and mother, and filled it with rich furniture. He also gave them a very large sum of money, for which he had sold six of the smallest jewels in the bag.

He settled down with his parents in their new home, and lived very happily for many weeks.

But he never forgot his princess, and every day he looked at his magic mirror, and there he saw her face. She always seemed quite happy, and smiled sweetly at him.

But as the months went by, her face grew sadder and sadder, and Chang began to feel that it was time for him to go back to her. So he sold the rest of the jewels which he had brought with him, and gave the money to his parents. Then he bade them farewell, and set off once more for the coast.

Here he hired a ship, and sailed away to find the island which led to the Kingdom of the Sea. But soon he found himself in great trouble, for he had quite forgotten where the island lay. Up and down he sailed for weeks and weeks, and though he landed on many islands, not one was the right one.

He could not think what to do. His year of absence from his wife was nearly ended, and the face of the princess in the magic mirror grew very sad. She wept and wept, and the tears fell down her cheeks like so many pearls.

At last, one sunny morning, he was standing

looking over the side of the ship, when he saw two beautiful children, swimming in the water in front of the vessel. What fun they were having! They splashed each other with the silver wave-tops, and flung here and there the rainbow bubbles of the salt sea foam.

The moment Chang saw them, he knew they were his own children, and that they had been sent by the princess to lead him into the right way.

"Come on board my ship, and let me clasp you in my arms!" he cried. "I have a hundred questions to ask about your mother and your home."

"O father dear! We wish we could," they replied; "but our mother told us that we were to be sure not to leave the water, or we should forget the way home. We shall swim as fast as we can in front of your ship, and you must follow swiftly behind."

"Spread all the sails," cried Chang, joyfully, to his sailors. "Make the ship skim over the sea as fast as a bird flies through the air."

The men rushed to do as he had told them,

and the ship was soon sailing so fast that the waves were hissing around the bows.

It was not long before they reached the island for which they were seeking. Chang at once went on shore, where his children were already waiting for him, none the worse for their long swim. After he had greeted them tenderly, he paid his sailors and sent the ship back to China.

When the vessel was quite out of sight, the waves rolled back, and the broad path opened which led to the Kingdom of the Sea. There Chang saw his princess sitting in her mother-of-pearl chariot, with its eight snow-white sheep, and behind her were a hundred horsemen in splendid uniforms.

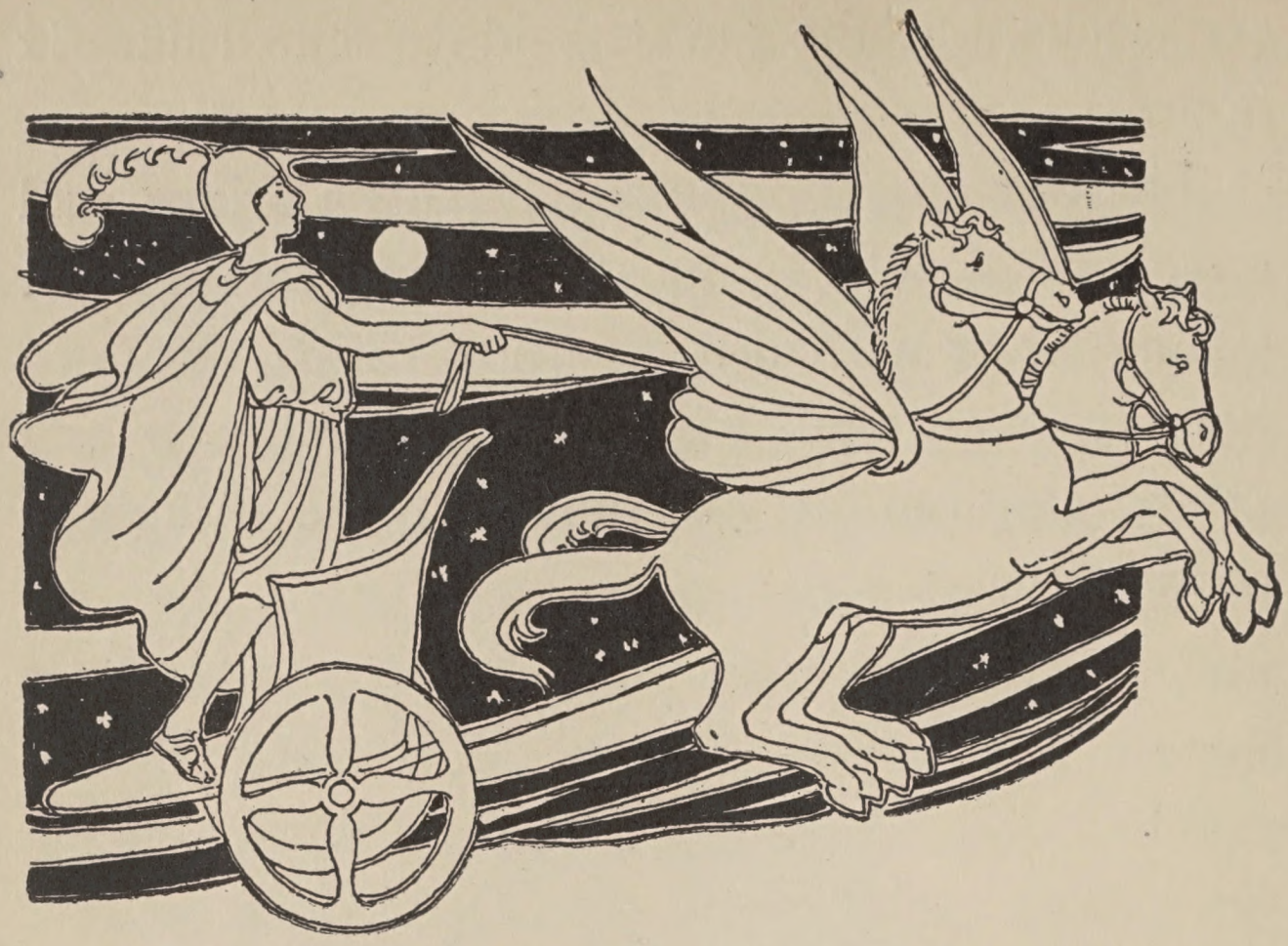
He ran at once to meet the princess, and she was so glad to see him after his long absence, that she wept and laughed in turns.

They all mounted into the chariot — even the children — and were drawn rapidly along the sea lane to the king's palace.

There a splendid feast was prepared, and guests were gathered from all parts of the kingdom. The feasting and merrymaking lasted for

six weeks, but the guests said it seemed like six hours.

The old king now made Chang a prince, and gave him a palace almost as grand as his own. Chang never wished to return to China, but lived happily ever after with his beautiful wife and pretty children at his home in the Kingdom of the Sea.



HORSES WITH WINGS.

There once lived, in an old city of Greece, a king who had a very lovely daughter. She was so beautiful that all who saw her fell in love with her. This was a great worry to her father, for he had been told that he would die on the day of his daughter's marriage.

Many brave princes would have liked to win so fair a princess, but her father did everything he could to prevent it. He said that he would give her only to the man who could beat him in

a chariot race, and that every one who tried and failed should lose his life.

Princes came riding from all parts of Greece, and there was not one of them who did not think that he was sure to win the princess. But the king had two wonderful horses, given him by the sun god. They were so swift that even the winds could not keep up with them, so that none of the princes ever had any chance of winning.

The king gave each of them a good start, but long before they reached the end of the course, they heard, close behind, the thunder of his chariot wheels. One after another, the brave young men were killed by the king's spear, hurled at them as his chariot passed theirs.

Now, one fine day, there came to the court of the king a certain noble prince called Pelops, who had heard of the fame of the lovely princess.

No sooner had he seen her, than her beauty quite won his heart. So he went to her father, and asked if he might have her as his wife.

"You are a very bold young man to ask such

a thing," replied the king. "Do you not know that she is to be given only to him who can beat me in a chariot race?"

"Yes," replied Pelops, "I know all about that; and I know that every one who tries to do so, and does not succeed, is slain by your spear. Still, my love for the princess is so great, that I am ready to risk anything in order to win her."

"Then you may go and prepare yourself for death," said the king; "for there are no horses in the world that can beat the pair which draw my chariot."

"I will do my best to win the race," replied the young prince; "and if you beat me, then I no longer wish to live."

So he went off to find a team of horses swifter than that of the king. He saw many splendid steeds, but, try as he might, he never came across any that seemed likely to win the race.

On the evening before the race was to take place, Pelops went down to the seashore, and prayed to the sea god to give him help. As he prayed, the waters became troubled; the waves

rose and broke upon the shore; the sky became overcast, and lightning flashed through the black clouds.

Then the sea god himself arose from the foaming waves, with the water dripping from his long beard. Pelops was so frightened at this sight, that he fell upon his face on the ground. But the sea god cried, "Do not be afraid, noble prince; I have taken pity on you and will help you. Arise, and see what I am about to send you."

So the prince rose to his feet, just in time to see the god sinking into the sea, which at once became as calm as a mill pond.

Soon the waters parted again, and from them rose two milk-white horses drawing a chariot of ivory. The horses had great wings, and their shape was so perfect that the like of them had never been seen on earth before.

Pelops gave thanks to the sea god for his wonderful present, and led off the beautiful horses to a secret place, so that no one should see them before the race.

Next morning, every one in the kingdom who

could make the journey, came to see the great race. What a stir there was when Pelops came up in his ivory chariot, driving his beautiful winged horses!

He was clad in a white dress with silver edging, and a belt of silver was round his waist. On his head was a bright silver helmet, with a long plume that floated behind him in the breeze. No one had ever seen so handsome a prince, and there were many who said it would be a shame if he were killed.

As soon as the king saw the horses, he knew that they were magic steeds. But he feared nothing, for his own team was the gift of the sun god, and he did not think it was possible for it to be beaten. So he gave the signal for the race to begin, telling Pelops that he would give him as good a start as he had granted to others.

Off went the prince like the wind. The feet of his horses did not even touch the ground, and the chariot flew along so quickly, that it was out of sight long before the king had made a start. But the horses of the sun god were even swifter than those of the sea god, and when Pelops had

almost reached the end of the race, he heard behind him the thunder of the king's chariot wheels.

He thought that his end had come, and every moment expected to feel the king's spear between his shoulders. In his despair he prayed again to the sea god for help, and he did not pray in vain. The god caused one of the wheels of the royal chariot to fly off, so that the king was thrown out upon his head, and killed on the spot.

At this very moment, Pelops reached the goal. He had won the race, and the beautiful princess was now to be his bride. His heart was filled with joy at this thought, and he turned his horses' heads and drove back to the king's city to claim his wife.

In a very short time, his steeds carried him back to the city; but, just as he was about to enter the gates, he saw flames and smoke rising above the roofs.

"Fire! Fire!" cried all the people. "The royal palace is on fire, and the princess will be burned to death."

In a flash, Pelops took one of his winged horses from the chariot, and mounted upon its back. The beautiful creature rose in the air like a great bird, and soon the prince found himself amid the smoke and sparks above the palace roof.

There he saw the lovely princess standing upon the roof, wringing her hands in terror. "Save me! Save me!" she cried when she saw the noble youth upon his horse. Pelops flew to her rescue, and caught her up in his arms, just as the flames reached the spot where she was standing.

The winged steed quickly bore them in safety to the ground, where all the people hailed Pelops as their king. Soon afterward he married the lovely princess, and together they reigned happily in the land for many years.

A MIRACLE.

When Bacchus was a boy, he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxia. As the way was very long, he grew tired and sat down upon a stone to rest.

While he sat there, with his eyes upon the ground, he saw a little plant spring up between his feet. He was so pleased with it, that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia.

He took the plant up and carried it away with him; but as the sun was very hot, he feared it might wither before he reached Naxia. So he looked for something to carry it in. Soon he found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust the plant, and went on. But the plant sprouted so fast in the bird's skeleton, that it started out of the bones above and below.

Shortly after this he found a lion's bone which was larger than the bird's skeleton, and into this he thrust the skeleton, with the plant in it. Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise.

Then he found a donkey's skull, large enough to hold the bone of the lion. So he put the lion's bone, containing the bird's skeleton and the plant, into the skull of the donkey, and thus he made his way to Naxia.

When Bacchus was about to set the plant in the ground so that it might grow freely, he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton and the lion's bone and the donkey's skull. As he could not take out the plant without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was.

To the great joy of Bacchus, the plant came up speedily, and bore the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine and gave it to men to drink.

But—behold a miracle! When men drank of it, they first sang like birds; next, after drinking a little more, they became bold as lions; but when they drank more still, they began to behave like donkeys.

HOW ARIADNE HELPED THESEUS.

I.

Many years ago, Minos, the King of Crete, was in great distress because a terrible monster, called the Minotaur, was destroying his people. This fierce monster had the shape of a man, with a horned head like that of a wild bull. For a long time Minos had tried to kill him, but could not; nor could he build a cage strong enough to hold the monster securely.

As soon as Dædalus, a famous Greek, learned of this great trouble, he went to the king and said, "O King Minos! I can help you!"

"How so?" answered King Minos. "Who are you, and what can you do?"

Dædalus replied boldly, "I am Dædalus, the architect, from Athens. You surely have heard of me and what I can do."

"What!" cried the king. "Are you the famous Athenian sculptor?"

"I am," answered Dædalus, quietly.

"Welcome! Welcome!" exclaimed King Mi-

nos. "Thrice welcome, Dædalus! You come in time of sore need. Tell me, can you build a cage to hold this wild Minotaur securely? Will you?"

"I can and I will, O king!" said the sculptor.

Thereupon this Athenian stonecutter began to show his wonderful skill in all kinds of handicraft. All manner of tools were soon ready.

"What are you about to do, O Dædalus?" asked King Minos, wonderingly.

"You will see," answered Dædalus. "I have planned to cut what I call a labyrinth out of the solid rock of the hill just before us."

"A labyrinth! What do you mean by a labyrinth?" asked the king.

"You will see," answered Dædalus. "I shall hew out of the rock a central chamber, with many winding passages leading to it. These passages will be so mixed up that only he who knows the secret can find his way into the central chamber and out again."

Then Dædalus showed his plan to the king, who puzzled a long time over the twists and turns.

"The windings are certainly very confusing," said the king. "Even though I see them all at the same time, I can see no path clear. I am constantly blocked. What would happen if I were in the labyrinth itself?"

When, at last, this wonderful labyrinth was completed, King Minos and all his people greatly rejoiced. Soon after this their joy was doubled at the news that the fearful Minotaur had nosed his way into the entrance and had not come out.

"You may safely rejoice," cried Dædalus. "Your Minotaur can never find his way out."

II.

Now Androgeus, the son of King Minos, was fond of travel. He visited many strange places. While he was in Greece, in the capital city of Athens, he became mixed up in a street brawl and lost his life.

When the news reached Crete, King Minos at once went to war against the Athenians. After a furious battle, Athens was taken. The Athenians, to save themselves, agreed to do whatever King Minos wanted.

The King of Crete demanded that every ninth year seven young men and seven young maidens should be sent to Crete from Athens. These the fierce king, in bitter revenge for the loss of his son, cast into the labyrinth, where they were destroyed by the raging Minotaur.

The Athenians lamented sorely over this, but they could not help themselves. However, Theseus, son of the King of Athens, determined that he would slay the dreadful Minotaur, or die in the attempt. King Minos had promised to grant them freedom if any Athenian killed the monster. Therefore, when King Minos came to Athens to make the third choice of young men and young maidens, Theseus offered to be one of them, and was accepted. His father, the King of Athens, was in great sorrow. Theseus tried to comfort him. "Dear father, do not despair," he said. "I shall surely kill this monstrous beast and free our beloved people from the fierce wrath of Minos."

So the ship, with its sails full spread, set out for Crete.

According to the strange belief of these people,

King Minos was a son of Zeus, the great god of the heavens; and Theseus was the son of Poseidon, the god of the sea.

During the voyage, Minos offended one of the maidens. Theseus protected her and rebuked the king. Minos grew very angry at the bold youth, and determined to humble him. He walked to the high stern of the ship, and, lifting up his arms toward the heavens, called out in a loud voice, "O Zeus, mighty father! Hear me! If thou art indeed my father, send forth from the heavens a swift flash of fire as a sign."

The legend says that mighty Zeus heard the prayer of Minos, and that a stream of fire flashed across the sky.

Then turning toward Theseus, Minos said, "If thou, Theseus, art indeed the son of the sea god, Poseidon, cast thyself boldly into the sea and bring back this ring." At this Minos took a shining ring from his finger and threw it away from him into the water.

Immediately Theseus sprang over the side of the ship, and plunged head first under the rolling waves. Every one thought the bold youth

would drown, and cried aloud to the pilot to bring the ship about in order to pick him up. But Minos commanded that the vessel should be kept before the wind. So the ship went swiftly on, and the young men and maidens shed bitter tears of grief.

But the sea god, Poseidon, took good care of his son Theseus. He sent a beautiful, bright-colored dolphin to carry the youth on his back to the great sea god's palace under the sea. There Theseus was gladly welcomed. A robe of gleaming purple was thrown around his shoulders, and on his head was placed a wreath of roses. Then the sportive Nereids brought him the ring which Minos had cast into the sea, and carried him swiftly back to the onward speeding ship.

When Theseus once more stood upon the deck, all saw that his purple robe was not wet, and that the wreath of roses on his dark hair gleamed red as blood. They also saw that the ring was on his hand.

Then the youths and maidens sang with joy, and the ship sailed on to the island of Crete.

III.

Ariadne, the daughter of King Minos, ran to meet her father when he landed from the ship.

She was tender of heart, and hated cruelty. She pitied the Athenians, and spoke kindly to them. When one of the maidens told her what Theseus intended to do, Ariadne warned him of the danger. The Minotaur, she said, could not easily be overcome. Then, too, Theseus might lose his way in the labyrinth, and so perish.

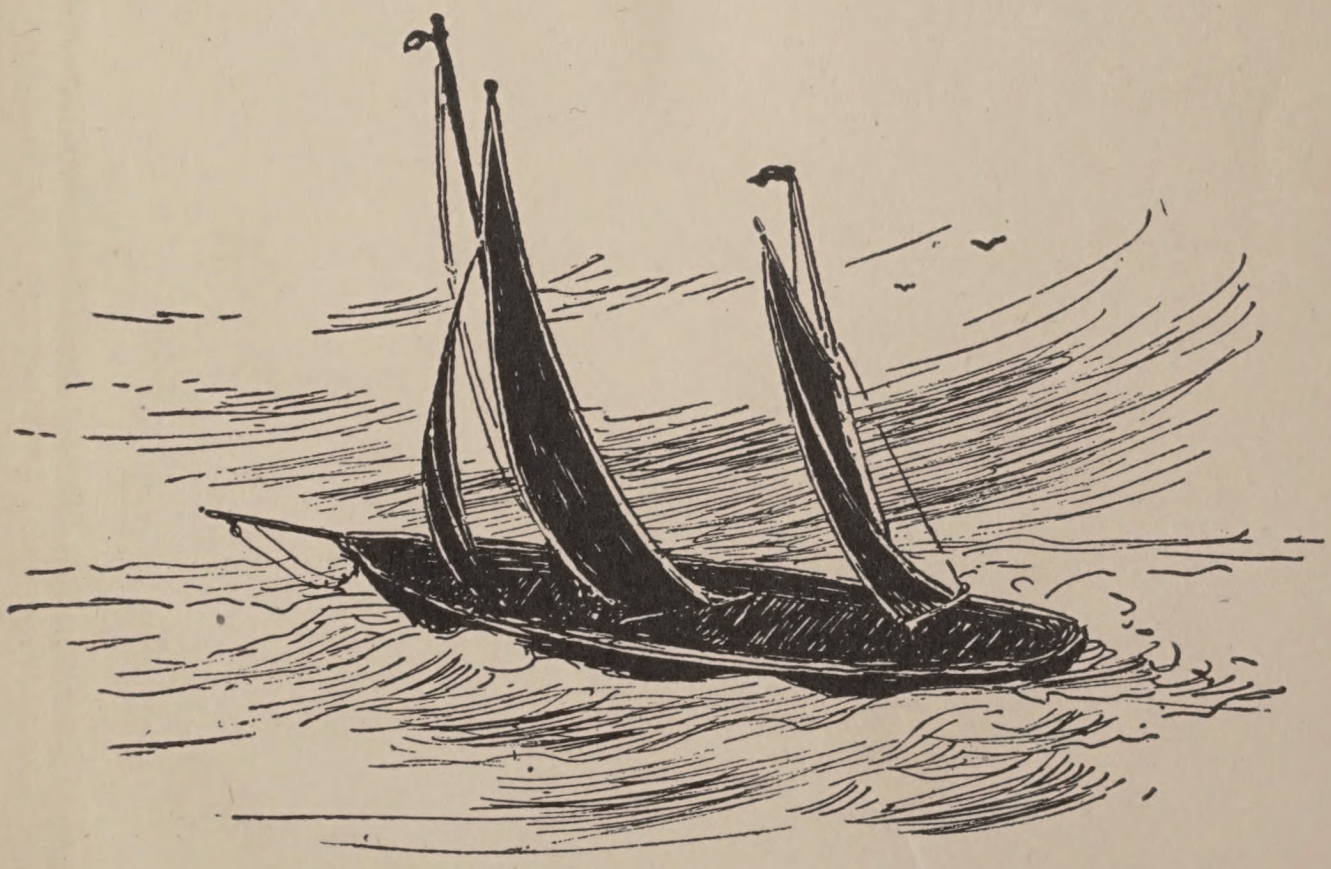
Theseus could not be moved from his purpose. Finally Ariadne promised to help him. When he was ready, she took a large ball of thread and went with him to the entrance of the labyrinth. There she fastened securely the end of the thread. Then she gave him the ball, and told him to unwind it as he moved forward. By this means, she said, he would always be able to find his way back again.

After long and weary searching, Theseus found the central chamber. At sight of him, the Minotaur gave a loud bellow and made a furious rush at him. The young man nimbly

leaped to one side. As the monster passed by, Theseus made a quick thrust with his dagger, and drove it up to the hilt right into the heart of the beast. That was the end of the Minotaur.

Trembling with joy, the brave young man quickly retraced his steps, and by the aid of Ariadne's thread soon found his way safely out of the labyrinth. There he told his story, and demanded the release which Minos had promised.

With his companions whom he had delivered, Theseus set sail for home, where there was great joy over his victory.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00025767263